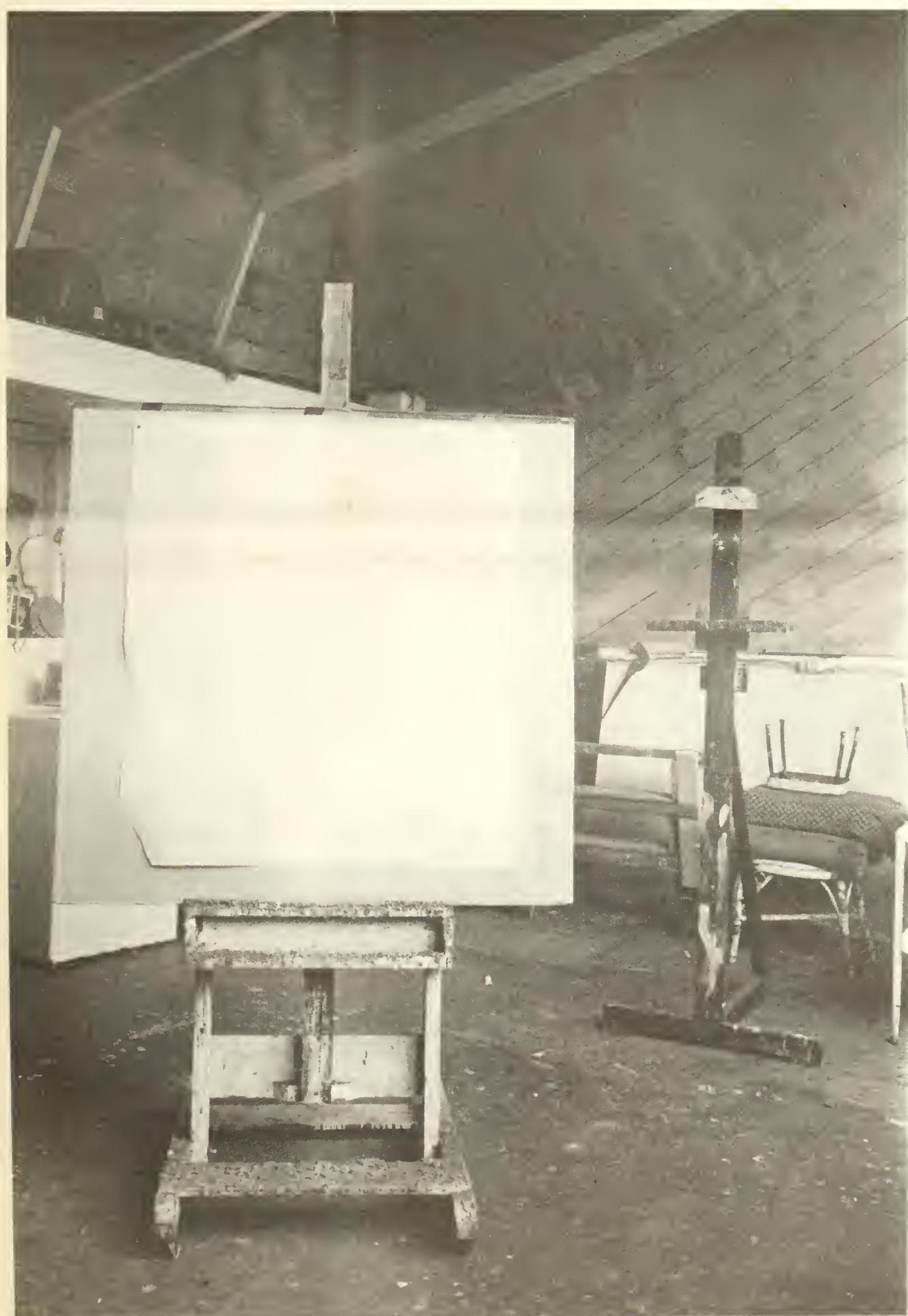


Provincetown Arts

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"Fritz Bultman Studio"
photograph by
Joel Meyerowitz

From Friends Abroad

This summer Ars Electronica, a festival of Art, Technology and Society, will be taking place in Linz, Austria for the fifth time in eight years. Originally performed within the Bruckner Festival, Ars Electronica is now an independent festival in the third week in June.

Artists from nine countries are participating in over thirty projects, nineteen of which were commissioned and initiated by Ars Electronica.

The main goal of the festival, according to the 1986 catalog, is a "cultural confrontation likely to introduce a critical dimension into the artistic as well as the social discussions about our future." New technologies have been revolutionizing our lives, but a feeling of ambivalence pervades our perception of this process and how it's defining our present and future culture. The same technologies that bring revolutions in medicine also allow the militarization of space.

This ambiguity is seen as a challenge to work by some artists. "Many

of them have exchanged the brush, the piano or the film for the computer, video or laser, and dealing with new technologies, designing technologies, has become an important factor in the Arts."

The "field of tension" between Art and Technology encompasses the ridiculous, the human, the violent, the mystical. The projects sponsored by Ars Electronica reflect these many qualities. The mere acceptance or rejection of new technologies is not the goal. Rather, Ars Electronica is "intended to be a place of encounter for curious and critical people of today."

I will be travelling with a group of people from Boston to work on one project that was commissioned by Ars Electronica. Two artists, Matthew Belge and Richard Harrington, have a work entitled "Shadow Dream," that will be installed the week before the event and remain activated during the entire week of the festival. "Shadow Dream" is "an artistic inquiry into the nature of light, mass and environ-

ment." Harrington makes sculptural forms with folded aluminum screens. Belge uses computer controlled theater lights to create projected light forms. Together they have collaborated to create "Shadow Dream", designed to "foster an atmosphere of tranquility and fantasy."

"Shadow Dream" is designed for two areas: a small park, and a stretch of lawn between the Brucknerhaus, where the festival is centered, and the Danube River. The piece is primarily designed for night time activation. Forty to fifty screens, ranging in size between one and five meters, are to be suspended from cables and appear at heights from a few centimeters above the ground to several meters overhead.

As light is projected upon certain pieces, stripes of spectral light will appear moving up and down, highlighting their forms. As the lights dim, the pieces will enter into an ambiguous relationship with the environment, as the borders between the dark screens

and the night sky blur.

My role in this event is to help construct the aluminum screen sculptures and to install them in the week preceding the opening. These forms would be too fragile to transport transatlantic, so we are bringing rolls of aluminum screen that have been pre-cut and marked with patterns for folding. Richard assures me that I am up to this task, and with this encouragement I am gearing up for what I hope will be an exciting event.

Necee Regis

(Editors note: We encourage our readership to keep us informed of their off-Cape activities. We have asked Necee Regis and Richard Harrington to keep a diary of their adventure in Vienna, which we will publish in another issue.)

Fritz Bultman's work reflected how he felt about life. Like a religion, Fritz and Jeanne believed in each other, in their production and what touched them as a team. Fritz the individual insisting on teamwork with his wife and with his models. Teaming humor with anything. Quick to laugh, his laughter infectious. Precocious wild child, encyclopedia mind, willing to let others be wild — a respecter of wild oats sowing, "But sow 'em well! Spread the salt but spread the salt evenly." Insist and insist. Get up cool but get to work. Work the garden, think, read. Work the work, think talk. Swim Herring Cove long lengths side

stroke so as to watch the shore. Fritz and Jeanne, melodic psychic call and answers. Statement and restatement. Announcement and elaboration. Teamwork. The South and the Midwest, living in the North. The tall woman, the short man, the oneness consistency, openness allowing others to feel part of the family. Kalamazoo! — where the luminous internal light, the positive color of the collages was majestically ensconced. Jeanne, the talented quick learning hard working only-one-who-could-do-it-right crafts-woman learning stained glass to translate the collages into this transcendent medium. The sculpture flow-

ed into the paintings and the paintings into the collages and the collages into the drawings — the nudes with the waves, the waves with the texture, the texture with the light — into the colored glass.

Summer '74 I was in the Bultman's cottage. I'd see Fritz every morning coming down the hill from his house. Pink oxford shirt, khakis. He'd check out their organic garden. He watched it grow with patience. He'd stop and say hello. Then into his studio. There was never with Fritz mere talk. He was executing step by step all the time. Countless motions. Each part of the art. His demeanor silently insisted he

was special. Everybody from all walks of life immediately sensed Fritz knew exactly who he was and that, if they wanted, Fritz would give them all the time in the world to find out too. Fritz would insist on it.

Rick Klauber

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On Beach Picnics

By Eleanor Munro

Glass, I remember once reading, was discovered by Phoenician sailors shipwrecked on beaches of the Mediterranean. I liked to imagine how it happened — the men sitting around a fire made of the splintered staves of their boat, searching the constellations for clues to their whereabouts and then rambling off into stories, old even then by thousands of years, about the gods who lived among the stars and so could look down upon them, the lost sailors. Meanwhile the bonfire would blaze up then slowly dwindle. All night, while the men slept, the embers would go on glowing in the hollow, sending heat down into the sand, and along toward dawn, the crystals of quartz and calcium would soften and begin to melt. So that by sunrise, when the first of the men stood up and poked at the charred logs with a stick, he would turn up a grainy grey platelet like a chunk of solidified seawater. It would have been full of bubbles and debris, barely translucent, rough to the touch, heavy and without practicality. But it was glass all right, and its promise lay in the future.

Ahead lay the dreamlike glass of Venice, for example, with wrapped and braided ropes of colors floating in what looked like thin air. Farther ahead still lay crystal blended with lead to sing when it was stroked, and glass of such purity it could be used to focus things down or up, in telescopes and microscopes. But however sophisticated the technique of glass-making grew, it still harked back to the beaches where common ingredients — sand, fire and time — came together through happenstance, to form a substance through whose transparencies, one day, people would explore the world.

A beach is still an edge between the

given and the as-yet unknown. Standing in the sand, we're deep in the edge. We know it in our common memory if not in our conscious minds. Behind us, as we look seaward, are home-lights, a clock, the assurance of safety; a few yards off is endless time and no light. For the ancients — the Phoenicians and later the Greeks and Romans — and for many sea- and river-dwelling people on earth today, the salt deeps were repositories for the dead. From that idea came the death-rejecting mythology of Apollo the dolphin, and the mystique of pearl-fishers, who bring bits of moonlight up from the ocean floor.

On east- and west-facing beaches, such as those of the Outer Cape, we're drawn, again by common memory if not knowledge, into other myths concerning the rising of the sun out of the death-waters. At dawn on the four yearly turning points of equinoxes and solstices, the ancients built bonfires in line with the sun in the belief the small flame gave energy to the large one, raising and setting in place the fire-axis of the Cosmos for another quarter-year. By these rituals, people reaffirmed the stability of the Cosmos and their own eternal location in it. People still hold that belief in much of the world and celebrate the events with solemn urgency.

Over the last few years, many in Truro and neighboring towns have also taken to marking these dates as if moved by the old sense of need. We

mark them, I think, by beach picnics — not the ordinary any-afternoon kind, but the mass twilit gatherings that take place at the foot of Corn Hill, almost without conscious forethought, around the solstice in June and the equinox in September.

June and the equinox in September. A great crowd of friends, many of them artists and writers, gathers on these evenings along the firepits that edge the water. The flames that cook our shared food may not function to raise the sun but they light its way down. In June, it sets in the direction of Provincetown. By September, it has moved over to set towards Boston (when I walk on the beach in December, I see the sun's red glow to my left, over Providence). Meanwhile, from behind our backs, the stars that rise out of the Atlantic ride into view overhead, heralding what common sense calls the sun's return after its night flight around earth. And so by these recurring sightings, we too take account of our place in our local cosmic system, whose machinery seems never to swerve or fail.

For a few hours then, while the pit-fires dwindle, we listen to some music and swap some gossip — our pedestrian myths, whose themes are no more varied, nor any less universal, than the myths of the past. And slowly our singular selves, like crystals under the Phoenician fires, may seem to lose their separateness and even pool together. When I first began to give and go to these events, I sometimes

felt I'd drown in the faces on all sides. I'd imagine such a crowd pooling along the whole Cape, all the way to Buzzards Bay, on down to Key West and Cape Horn, then up and around and down again along the China coast until all the beaches of the world would be thronged, while the wind would rise and the sparks fly, until the tide, in one long surge that would traverse the globe, would spill into all the pits and douse all the fires.

Repetition makes experience bearable in a cooler way. I suppose I've even had a rational conversation at a beach picnic in recent years. But not many. I don't really want to. I just want to be there.

We accept that such events, that our ancestors thought supported the architecture of the universe, leave it unchanged. But maybe they leave a mark on the architecture of society. For they send down the generations, to our young still in our midst and, we hope, beyond them, the knowledge that on certain nights of immemorial gravity, our small secular community also brought itself to the edge, looked off, then pulled back and singly went home to make something of the memory — some work of art or intellect, transparent to its details, focussing of its form.

Eleanor Munro's new book, *Glory Roads: A Pilgrim's Book About Pilgrimage*, will be published by Thames & Hudson in January, 1987.



Photo by Marion Roth

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Denis Johnson: An Appreciation

By Susan Mitchell

At thirty-seven, Denis Johnson is the author of two novels, *Angels* (Ballantine, 1983), which was awarded the Sue Kaufman Prize for First Fiction in 1984 by the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, and more recently, *Fiskadoro* (Knopf, 1985), as well as three collections of poetry, *The Incognito Lounge* (Random House, 1982), a National Poetry Series Selection, and two earlier limited editions, *The Man Among The Seals* (Stonewall Press, 1960) and *Inner Weather* (Graywolf, 1975). A Fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center during 1981-82, Johnson lived in Wellfleet with his wife Lucinda, a painter, until last month when they moved to California. He received a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1986.

Denis Johnson's dazzling second novel, *Fiskadoro*, is set in a post-nuclear-holocaust Florida Keys that has an awful lot in common with everyday Provincetown. There is the powerful presence of an ocean "such an ideal sea-blue that looking at it you think you must be dead". There are fishing boats, with names like *Los Desechados* and *El Tigre*, which do not always return, and fishermen, with names like Hidalgo and Delacorte, who sometimes get washed overboard. There are eccentrics — Cassius Clay Sugar Ray, a futuristic pirate, dealing in radioactive contraband, whose night sermon on the dunes rocks toward the message, "Dance with your partner. Get it while you can" and Flying Man who speaks pure marijuana — "oxrago playino, lissenup now mon. Go playino depachu," dresses in a savage regalia of feathers and talismans, and whose facial expressions, "alternately hilarious and demented," have "no tie to his feelings." But most importantly, there are A.T. Cheung, musician and sometime businessman, who manages the Miami Symphony Orchestra; Marie Wright, Cheung's grandmother, who has survived the fall of Saigon and the End of the World; and Fiskadoro, the novel's adolescent hero, who undergoes a primitive rite that will make him a man not like other men. Though the change in Fiskadoro has something to do with a wound inflicted on him during the rite, "a wound between his legs with a dressing of pungent glue and boiled leaves" in this novel, physical changes are metaphors for psychological transformation, and as Fiskadoro undergoes the rite that will leave his penis "split open at the end, like a fish just cleaned," his psychological experiences are even more extraordinary: Fiskadoro "believed now that his head was outside him, all around him, and that all around his head were his dreams and thoughts. He was inside-out." What Johnson is describing here is the psychological mechanism of projection — the perception of an inner reality as though it were outside the self — but he describes it so accurately that projection, as an experience, is defamiliarized, thus recovering its freshness. In becoming a man not like other men, Fiskadoro defamiliarizes the world each time he looks at it. Washed clean of memory, each brain cell scrubbed to incandescence by the powerful hallucinogen he was given during the rite, he sees

everything, even his own mother, as if for the first time: "Each time he looked at something, it came up before his eyes ... unexplained and impossible to understand." Fiskadoro has achieved that state which writers and visual artists long for: instead of knowing things, he perceives them. And consequently, "instead of marks on a page Fiskadoro saw images in his mind." When he plays improvisations on the clarinet with his music teacher, A.T. Cheung, "as soon as he tasted the reed with his tongue, he forgot himself and turned into music."

In *Fiskadoro*, as in Johnson's earlier novel, *Angels*, disaster and catastrophe are the real drugs that push the characters over the edge into illumination, bestowing on them strange visionary powers. Marie Wright, recalling her escape from Saigon, remembers the plane crash that left her drifting in the China Sea: "The shock of being here was no greater than the shock of being defiled by this filthy secret, the noises the ocean made all alone in the middle of itself." And after his father drowns, Fiskadoro is "on fire with feelings. He couldn't understand why these people weren't blinded by him." As the world catches fire with his own grief, "He wept, and these things his father would never see again dragged across his sight like scarves." But above all, it is language that is shattered by the nuclear explosion that brings about the End of the World. Refined by apocalyptic fires, the dross of rationalization and intellectualization are burned away, and as a result, words become naked, terrifyingly beautiful in their stark thisness. Fiskadoro's mother, Belinda, on discovering "the pearl in her breast," does not call it a cancer, but a "kill-me." And when Pressy, a minor character, thinks of dying, he says, "I gonno sink down in the sink-down." As shards of pure feeling, words no longer block meaning. Word and meaning, name and thing are fused, as if some terrible pressure has been exerted to make things and people become what they are called: "The person called Holy Apples was glowing so loud Bob Wilson and me was look at the bones glowing inside of our hands where we holding him."

Through most of *Fiskadoro* the language is so dazzlingly honest that it seems to be the very nuclear power that has brought about the End of the World. It is precisely this kind of naked language that the speakers of many of the poems in *The Incognito Lounge* long for. In a poem entitled, "Minutes," the speaker says, "we agitate/ to say things" with the honesty that resides in pictures,

as we enter the photo-booths.
In there is the quiet like the kernel
of a word:
in there everything we were going
to say
is taken from us and we are given
four images of ourselves.

It is because language distorts and mutilates our feelings that the speaker of another poem, "Now," says, "a light gestures/ and diminishes like meaning/ through speech" and asserts that "the feelings I have/ must never be given speech." To some extent the speakers of these poems long for holocaust in order to make the world around them equal to their own turbulence and chaos (for the only world they could feel rapport with is a world as convulsed with conflict as

they are), as when the speaker of "Ten Months After Turning Thirty" says,

I'm stretched enough to call certain
of my days
the old days, remembering how we
burned
to hear of the destruction of the
world,
how we hoped for it until many of us
were dead,
the most were lost, and a couple
lucky
enough to stand terrified outside
the walls
of Jerusalem knowing things we
never learned.

But the longing for apocalypse is also a longing for the kind of honest language spoken by the men, women, and children of *Fiskadoro*. Thus, in "The Confession of St. Jim-Ralph," which concludes *The Incognito Lounge*, the speaker, remembering a time of war, says "When dead men hit the ground/ they came alive, they spoke in tongues" — that is, a pure glossolalia, an ecstatic speech whose trans-sense language is equal to the wordlessness of inspiration. In the poem, "In a Light of Other Lives," apocalypse would not only heal the breach between word and thing, thought and feeling, but also restore the self to itself:

.... It is coming:
the curtains of rain and light the arc
lamps
let down on First Avenue will be
parted,
and from behind them, the people
we really are will step out
with abandon, as if asked to
dance—

Such a restored and purified self experiences the world as pure sensation, here a sound — but a sound so physical its meaning can be grasped and absorbed through the body, thus bypassing the betrayals of speech:

when all that was impending
begins, when the whole
downtown, arrested like a lung
between intake and expulsion,
erupts
into genuineness — as if many
bells have been struck and what
the world is, is that I can touch
their ringing. It is unbreakable.

In *Fiskadoro*, the ending of the world, imagined by so many of the speakers in *The Incognito Lounge*, has already taken place; but the world whose ending is simultaneously mourned and celebrated, is the world of childhood and adolescence, the world of fathers and mothers. The passing away of Fiskadoro's mother, more than any drug he was given during the rite that made him a man not like other men, precipitates the loss of his memory, a loss which, like the end of the world itself, has its negative and positive sides. On one level, Fiskadoro's loss of memory is a form of anesthesia, protecting him from all those memories of his mother which would intensify his grief at losing her:

He understood, but didn't remember, that in the world before his dream and his death his mother had been everything to him, that she had gradually become only a part of the world, but the biggest part, and had turned eventually into just one person in the world, but the person he loved the most. Fiskadoro didn't

mind knowing about this, but he didn't want to remember it . . . After she closed her eyes there would be a hole in the air where she'd been, and then nothing where she'd been only the air . . . He didn't want the hole in the air to be a hole in Fiskadoro. He didn't want to remember what he was losing.

But there is a positive side to Fiskadoro's loss of memory, for as Cheung observes, "In a world where nothing was familiar, everything was new." And not only that — without the past, the present moment expands: "today was a big place that held everything inside of it — the Keys, the sea, the sky, and the outer space of stars." Once Fiskadoro is freed from the past, each moment of time becomes a world, a universe: "This very moment — now, changing and staring the same — was the fire."

Where in *Angels* the doomed lovers, Jamie Mays and Bill Houston, never seem to have enough time — time to know themselves, time to evaluate their decisions and choices, time to understand their own self-destructiveness, in *Fiskadoro* each moment is what Paul Valery called a "diamond of Time," it scintillates with possibilities. Because Jamie and Bill are always hurtled forward, their lives seemingly out of their control, in *Angels* hell is gradually defined as never having the time for introspection. It is only when Bill, about to be executed for the murder of a bank guard, is taking his last breath in the gas chamber that, ironically, he finds the time to have a thought which not only redeems him, but also dramatizes how much power there is in a single moment: "I would like to take this opportunity, he said, to pray for another human being." Johnson's most recent work seems increasingly interested in exploring, not "the great emptiness that was always falling through him (Bill) and never hit the ground," but instead, the fullness of time, and abundance played off against sheer redundancy, the same self-destructive choices repeated again and again. With his interest in the fullness of the instant, it is not surprising that Johnson should look for ways of spatializing the temporal and also not surprising that he should be attracted to works of visual art, allowing them to fill and structure some of his most exciting new poems. About one of these poems, "The Throne of the Third Heaven of the Nations Millenium General Assembly," which is included in his new poetry manuscript, "The Veil," Johnson had this to say in a recent interview:

While I was a Fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center somebody gave me a pamphlet from the Smithsonian Institute about "The Throne" which was constructed out of scavenged materials, mostly tinfoil and old furniture, by Hampton who was a janitor for the General Services Administration in Washington, D.C. Evidently he'd started this thing at the behest of certain "heavenly voices" that made contact with him. He started it in his house, then had to rent a garage because he needed more space for it. It took him 14 years to complete and now takes up a whole room at the Museum of American Art. It's massive and majestic and it truly is

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Hans Hofmann

By Cynthia Goodman



Hans Hofmann

photo by Hans Namuth

The Breakthrough Years

Peggy Guggenheim's Art of This Century gallery was a primary center of activity for the many Surrealist artists exiled by World War II and for an impressive group of emerging American artists, including Pollock, Motherwell, William Baziotes, and Cly福德 Still, all of whom she gave their first New York shows. Encouraged by Lee Krasner and Pollock, Guggenheim visited Hofmann's studio and offered him a one-man show in 1944. The uncharacteristic statement that Hofmann wrote for his exhibition announcement reflects the infatuation with Surrealism then sweeping the New York art world: "To me creation is a metamorphosis. The highest in art is the irrational—... incited by reality, imagination bursts into passion the potential innerlife of a chosen medium. The final image resulting from it expresses the all of oneself." Nevertheless, Hofmann was ill at ease with everything but the aesthetic implications of Surrealism, and he denounced many of its tenets. He had little desire to probe his unconscious on canvas nor to grapple with literary content. However, the potential for a spontaneous gestural abstraction offered by the Surrealist method of automatism was an irresistible lure to him.

For those artists who used automatism in America during the 1940s, the technique had evolved considerably since 1924, when Andre Breton, the founder of Surrealism, had defined the movement itself in the first Surrealist Manifesto as "Pure psychic automatism, by which it is intended to express, verbally, in writing, or by other means, the real process of thought. Thought's dictation, in the absence of all control exercised by reason and outside all aesthetic or moral preoccupation."⁴⁹ Although automatism had fallen somewhat out of favor, in the late 1930s the Surrealist Matta, who was then in New York, began promoting the technique. Hofmann and many other New York painters espoused Motherwell's broader definition of automatism — based on the interpretations of Masson, Miro, and Picasso — as being "actually very little a question of the unconscious. It is much more a plastic weapon with which to invent new forms. And as such it is one of the twentieth century's greatest formal inventions."⁵⁰ It was just this aspect of automatism that attracted Hofmann.

Hofmann's attempts to incorporate the Surrealist technique of automatism were stimulated by the same open-minded approach to making art that enabled him to encourage experimentation and artistic independence among his students. The Surrealist Wolfgang Paalen had studied with Hofmann in Munich. According to Fritz Bultman, when Paalen and Hofmann were in contact again at about the time of Paalen's New York exhibition at the Julied Levy Gallery in 1940, Hofmann became fascinated with the canvases that Paalen produced in part by

This excerpt coincides with the publication of Cynthia Goodman's book "Hans Hofmann," by Abbeville Press. Cynthia curated the exhibition "Hans Hofmann as Teacher," which was first organized for the Metropolitan Museum of Art and later appeared at the Provincetown Art Association and Museum in the summer of 1980.

dripping tallow from a candle. In the winter of 1941-42, Peter Busa and Jerome Kamrowski, also former Hofmann students, were part of the first group of Americans, organized by Matta and including Pollock and Robert Motherwell, who experimented with automatism. Although Hofmann declined to participate, Motherwell remembers visiting him at Pollock's suggestion to ask him to join in their venture.⁵¹

If Hofmann's dating can be accepted as accurate, it was as early as 1939, in the painting *Red Trickle*, that his experiments with random splatters and drips of paint exhibited a spontaneity unequaled in the work of those who would soon be grouped as the New York School. Yet evidence suggests that all of Hofmann's so-called dripped paintings may have been erroneously dated. Sidney Janis vividly recalls a visit he made to Hofmann's studio in mid-1943 in the hope of including work by the artist in the *Abstract and Surrealist Art in the United States* exhibition that he was organizing for the San Francisco Museum of Art. Although Hofmann pulled out painting after painting from the bins in his studio, there was not one that could be considered abstract enough to be included in Janis's show. Approximately six months later, Miz Hofmann called Janis to announce that Hofmann had just completed a picture that could be included.⁵² This was *Idolatress I*, at that time simply titled *Painting*. If Hofmann considered *Idolatress I*, which is recognizably tied to the figure, his most abstract painting to date, it is almost a certainty that *Spring* (generally dated 1940), *The Wind* (generally dated 1942), *Fantasia* (generally dated 1943), and other of his dripped paintings were painted no earlier than 1944.

Of all the American painters, Hofmann found Jackson Pollock (his neighbor on East Eighth Street in Greenwich Village) the most provocative, and a mutual respect arose between the two artists after their introduction by Lee Krasner, Pollock's wife, who studied with Hofmann from 1937 to 1940. The crux of their now-famous confrontation, when Krasner first brought Pollock to Hofmann's studio in 1942, is that Hofmann said to Pollock: "You don't work from nature. You work by heart. This is no good. You will repeat yourself." Pollock defiantly answered: "I am nature...Put up or shut up. Your theories don't interest me." Despite this initial hostility, Hofmann invited Krasner and Pollock to visit his studio, and their enthusiastic response led to his show at Art of This Century. Pollock and Hofmann continued to see each other, and in the summer of 1943 Krasner and Pollock visited the Hofmanns in Provincetown. Their visits were punctuated by heated discussions on topics such as the importance of subject matter in painting. The dripped paintings that Pollock saw on visits to Hofmann's studio were undoubtedly among the catalysts for his own later explorations with dripped and poured paint — a point that Miz Hofmann was fond of making in later years and that Krasner dismissed as unimportant, saying, "Let's drop drip!"⁵³ As a sign of his admiration for the younger artist, Hofmann later bought two of Pollock's paintings for



"Fantasia"

Hans Hofmann

his own collection.

The resemblance between some of Hofmann's paintings in his first Art of This Century exhibition and the paintings that Pollock had exhibited the year before did not go unnoticed. One critic explained the similarities with the erroneous conclusion that Pollock was Hofmann's student.⁵⁴ When asked whether Pollock had studied with him, Hofmann reputedly replied, "No, but he was the student of my student Lee Krasner."⁵⁵

The fifteen gouaches and twelve oils in Hofmann's show at Guggenheim's gallery were unfortunately all untitled and thus now impossible to identify. According to one reviewer, who had recently talked with Hofmann, many of these pictures, which had all been painted between the spring of 1943 and the opening of the following March, were "variations on the theme of the artist's Provincetown house and its surrounding terrain in terms of pure color rhythms."⁵⁶ That the majority of the works in his Art of This Century exhibition were based on landscape is initially surprising because of the Surrealistic tenor of the statement that Hofmann wrote for the announcement and because of the highly experimental work that he had supposedly been making concurrently for the previous five years. Although

in terms of Hofmann's career as a whole such stylistic multiplicity is not at all surprising but rather commonplace, accepting later dates for his poured compositions is a more satisfactory explanation of why examples of these paintings seem not to have been included in this important exhibition.

There were a number of new developments in Hofmann's work during the year of his Art of This Century show that further substantiate the likelihood of his beginning to paint such works as *Spring* at this time. A hernia operation in June left him unable to carry his easel and supplies out of doors. As a consequence, he began to work inside almost exclusively, and (with rare exceptions) he no longer painted the Provincetown landscapes that had been his focus for so many years. These landscapes, as well as his interiors, portraits, and still-lifes, were transformed into increasingly unrecognizable variations on his original themes as he turned to broader, more philosophical subjects, undoubtedly in response to the other work being exhibited at Guggenheim's gallery. Hofmann's new direction was reflected in such titles as *Flow of Life*, *Life Coming into Being*, and *The Secret Source*. Among the most suc-

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IMPRESSIONISM IN PROVINCETOWN

BY APRIL KINGSLEY

At the turn of the century fish was the lifeblood of Provincetown. One journalist reported in 1901 that it was bartered for all the necessary commodities of life and that Commercial Street was even paved with rock cod. Lobsters, it was said, crawled the streets following the children to school. Women used the hind fin of the great halibut for brooms and flying fish were as numerous as English Sparrows on Boston Common. They roosted in the branches of apple trees cawing like crows. Less than two decades later the last flying fish had been shot out of a tree, and artists had completely taken over the narrow streets of this quaint Portuguese-American town. Artists and tourists, that is, for the two go very well together and have ever since the railroad came through to the tip of the Cape in 1873 and turned Provincetown into the resort Thoreau had foreseen long before. The first large wave of artists to wash over the town were American Impressionists, and, despite the innumerable splashes, eddies, and currents in art that have passed over it since and continue to pound its bulkheads, that first wave hasn't yet completely receded. Not only is Henry Hensche (see accompanying article on Hensche) still giving outdoor painting demonstrations in the exact manner of his teacher Charles Hawthorne, the first American Impressionist to open an art school here, but contemporary artists as disparate as Sideo Fromboluti and Arthur Cohen, Jane Piper and Raul Resika, Vivian Bower and Ancil Chasteen continue to invent

new ways to keep the Impressionist tradition viable. Impressionism is a way of thinking in terms of light, rather than objects, and of paint as brushwork reflecting a personal sensibility, rather than as depictive medium. Impressionism, therefore, has many lives.

When Charles Hawthorne established the Cape Cod School of Art here in 1899 he was not the first artist to discover the beauty of the light and the lifestyle in Provincetown — Mark Waterman, sometime in the 1870s, found it a suitable substitute for the North African settings of his lion hunt and harem scenes — but Hawthorne set the tone for Provincetown as an art colony, and that tone can still be heard today. His wasn't the first art school in the area either (Miss Dewing Woodward of New York's School of Ethical Culture had an art class here in 1897) and Hawthorne may not even have been the first American Impressionist to paint here. George L. Noyes, Roswell S. Hill, William Paxton, William Merritt Chase, Issac Caliga, and George Elmer Browne are all contenders for that distinction, while Childe Hassam, who was far better known, painted at least six major Impressionist canvases in Provincetown in the summer of 1900, when he visited Hawthorne. However, the typical art student's life in Provincetown remains largely as it was established in Hawthorne's day — casual and freewheeling with part-time jobs in the tourist sector and late-night beach parties after work; lots of painting out of doors, huge weekly group "crits" and demonstrations; hard work and hard play, and a non-precious attitude toward the canvas as well as life.

Unless it was a rainy or "grey day" when he set up a still life in the studio for them, Hawthorne had the class paint out of doors because he believed that was the quickest way for them to grasp the idea of the way he wanted them to paint — in spots of color one

next to another. They were told to use putty knives instead of paintbrushes, so their treatment of the subject would be as broad, free, and "undrawn" as possible. He urged his students to paint their subjects close-up, and to see them as silhouettes against a ground as though a screen had just dropped down behind the objects on which to arrange the color units, or "notes", as he called them. If the students got the colors right, he said, then the shading, modeling, and drawing would automatically take care of themselves. Nothing got him angrier than when he caught a student who thought herself a "good draftsman" fussing over details or outlines. If the colors were "right" he claimed he could tell the weather and time of day from the student's canvas, and when they weren't he knew it.

Hawthorne used all the tricks he learned from his own teacher, William Merritt Chase, to get the students to see in terms of color spots. They'd have to stretch their eyes instead of squinting, to look at the landscape upside down and sideways, and to peer through a square hole cut in a card so that the object was unrecognizable but its colors sang. He wanted them to have fun with the pigment, to paint like savages who had just found the substance and what it could do. They were urged to lose the edges but capture the feeling. Even though he had a number of students who carried on his teachings afterwards, it might be said that the spirit he tried to instill in his students only reappears in Provincetown after Hans Hofmann arrives here in the late thirties to start his art school, renowned during the heyday of Abstract Expressionism.

Hawthorne actually had two modes of painting in oil and a third for watercolors. The first oil mode was a "dark Impressionist" style out of Franz Hals and Velasquez via the Munich School and Chase. It involved

tonal chords based around brown handled with loose, *alla prima*, bravura brushwork. He used it primarily for genre paintings that were socially conscious, such as his many portraits of Provincetown fishermen and boys at work. Town Hall has one of the finest examples of this mode, *The Crew of the Philomena Manta*, 1915, which is very close to that of the concurrent Ashcan School realism centered in New York. His other oil painting style was freer, lighter, higher in key and, though more lyrical and typically "Impressionist," no less serious. The subjects are usually women at their quiet daily pursuits, sewing, reading, or simply looking out a window. The closest parallels for the quiet indolence and lush sensuality of *By the Window*, 1912, would be the dreamy, silent women of the also concurrent Boston school of American Impressionism. In the last decade of his life he painted freewheeling watercolors of Provincetown dunes and beaches that seem to realize, at last, the ideals he formulated for his students. The scintillating freshness of the accumulations of color "notes" in *Dunes*, 1927-30, for instance, is as close as Americans get to what we really think of as Impressionism. American Impressionism as a whole (and Hawthorne is typical) is never quite as detached from the object as Monet seems to be from his haystacks or waterlilies. Even in this, or in any of the other watercolors, Hawthorne's skies are deep, the foliage near, the line of water believably distant — but the picture is nevertheless conceived all over, in spots of color, in the best French Impressionist manner.

Some of Hawthorne's students followed one style, others another, and still others either made amalgams of his two basic oil styles or amalgams of his styles with Tonalism or Boston School Impressionism, or even Modernism. Edwin Dickinson, the most distinguished "alumnus," is famous for fusing the latter with a greyed version of Hawthorne's "dark Impressionism" in his very strange paintings of the 'teens and twenties, but his magical views of Wellfleet and Provincetown from the thirties cannot be so easily pigeonholed. Grey predominates, but they are so completely full of light and so freely handled that echoes of Hawthorne's teaching reverberate through them even though no stylistic affinities can be traced. Dickinson's mantle fell of Philip Malicoat, but his influence can also be sensed in Myron Stout's ever so delicate landscape drawings, in Arthur Cohen's very minimal views of Provincetown Harbor, and even in Vivian Bower's recent cloud paintings.

Henry Hensche and John Frazier, both star Hawthorne student-assistants and fine painters, established rival schools in Provincetown after Hawthorne's death in 1930 to carry on his tradition. Hensche, the more didactic, continued Hawthorne's practices and methods to the letter (with minor simplifications); Frazier, less doctrinaire, continued Hawthorne's spirit in his classes at Rhode Island School of Design as well as summers in Provincetown, and in his own work, particularly late in his life. His sweeping views of Wellfleet Harbor, brilliant in color, free in facture, seem to distill Hawthorne's essence. Gordon

April Kingsley is currently writing a book on Ash Can realism to be published by Harry N. Abrams in 1987.



Charles Hawthorne

Continued on page 16



Henry Hensche

THE KEEPER OF THE FLAME

ability to use color, and you'll gradually improve your sense of proportion. You don't teach students by starting with the hardest subject: the human figure. That's like a man lifting a hundred-pound sack and expecting his five-year old son to be able to do the same."

Hawthorne's brand of Impressionism was a fusion of Monet's awareness of the subtle changes in color based on light conditions with those of Hawthorne's teacher, William Merritt Chase, who worked in black and white tones with Impressionist colors added. Hensche's respect and awe for Hawthorne remain steadfast. "Hawthorne was much more than a teacher," he said. "You learned technical points from him, but you learned an attitude, too. He was gentle, extremely honest, and full of reverence for nature — for what was true and beautiful."

Shortly after Hawthorne's death in 1930, Hensche was asked to keep the school going, which he has done, dropping the "Cod" from the name for legal and financial reasons. Located on Pearl Street, the Cape School of Art is open in the summer months (July 1 - August 31) as it has been since Hawthorne's day.

Like Hawthorne, Hensche holds his classes out of doors, posing his subjects in direct sunlight. Beginning students are instructed to block out large color areas on their canvases, rather than concentrating on drawing. His strategy is to force students to grasp the form through the contrast between illuminated and shadowed parts, and not to think in terms of the beauty of a face or form. A trademark of Hensche's teaching (inherited from Hawthorne) is his frequent demonstrations of his painting technique. Hensche feels that he has refined and given structure to Hawthorne's method of teaching painting. "Hawthorne never developed his insights into a logical series of color

exercises," he said. "That's been one of the goals of my 60 years of teaching." Hensche advocates that anyone can be taught to use color effectively if he possesses a logical mind. "The students get close to the object and try to match the color of each side as carefully as they can," he said. "They're not after finish or accuracy of proportion, they just put a spot of color down for each plane — and they keep doing that, in small sketch after small sketch, until they begin to hit the color with some accuracy. Their first efforts are crude, but that's all right. You don't judge a student by the individual piece of work; you look to see if he's learning and improving ... this kind of painting isn't based on ego. The egoist paints a white house in sunlight and says, 'I've solved that problem' — he paints every white house the same way from then on. Stupid! The real painter gets down on his knees before nature. He humbles himself and looks at everything with a fresh eye. For him every painting is a journey of discovery with new problems and new challenges."

Charles Alexander Couper, an artist and former Hensche student, said,

"Most students of Henry Hensche will

probably concur with me that his view

of the painter as an idealist struggling

to maintain his integrity and perfect

the quality of his vision in a largely

indifferent world is what impressed

them most."

Hensche's opposition to the formulas and tenets favored by most art academies instructing students in realist painting has made him controversial and, more often than not, by his own admission, an enemy of the art establishment. Totally committed to his method and bluntly outspoken, Hensche said in an interview that, "Most realistic painting today is absurd. The realistic colors most painters use are completely false... The first thing to look for in realistic painting is the color, the light key, and

this is not the way people judge it. For example, take Wyeth — yes, Andy Wyeth — he has done more damage than Picasso. He draws realistically, but there is no such thing as a color scheme, you won't find it anywhere. Look at what's happened to art in the years since Hawthorne's death! For 60,000 years, artists have been striving for a clearer understanding of the visual world. With the Impressionists, logic finally triumphed. Painting began to become the science of seeing. But what happened? A few years after Monet's discoveries, realistic art was in retreat. And now all we see is one fashion after another, one theory after another — as if a great idea came along every month. Monet said that America had a landscape that was the equal of any on earth. So why don't we make America our subject? Why don't we work here rather than going off on painting trips to Mexico and who-knows-where? Great subjects are right under our nose. Armed with the advances made by the Impressionists, we could make art true again. It could once again be both wholesome and honest!"

James Lumley, who studied with Hensche for five years, refuses to categorize Hensche's painting method, saying: "Henry is his own thing. If what he teaches needs a name: it is painting. We are learning how to paint." Lumley credits Hensche with refining Monet's discovery that the color of an object is changed by the light striking it, as well as developing Cezanne's realization that "for every form change, there is a color change." Lumley has written, "Henry Hensche uses different colors, instead of shades of the same color, to show us how the shapes of objects are formed by light." An "emotional man with great intelligence," as well as a "disciplined, stubborn person," accordingly to Lumley, Hensche seems able to inspire great affection and devotion from his students.

By Mary Abell

Henry Hensche stands alone as an historical link to Provincetown's beginnings as an art colony. For 67 of his 85 years, Hensche has studied, painted and taught the subtle color changes of perceived objects as they are affected by Cape Cod's famous light. Called an "intellectual outlaw of the painting world" by James Lumley, a writer and painter currently working on Hensche's biography, Hensche believes that nothing new has been contributed to the art of seeing since Monet and Cezanne.

Born in Chicago in 1901, Hensche attended the Art Institute of Chicago before continuing his studies in New York at the Art Students League, the National Academy of Design and the Beaux Arts Institute of Design. In the summer of 1919, Hensche attended Charles W. Hawthorne's Cape Cod School of Art in Provincetown, first as a student, then as Hawthorne's assistant. Hensche found that his mentor had broken with traditional academic concepts of painting based on drawing. In an interview Hensche said, "Hawthorne discovered that the standard academic art course was all wrong. There, the student drew first and then learned to fill in his outlines with color. Hawthorne was the first to say that drawing is not the basis of art. Color is. Looking at things from what he called the 'painter's point of view,' Hawthorne showed that drawing is really a question of the proportions between color masses. Develop your

IN MEMORIAM: AN "IRASCIBLE"

BY B.H. FRIEDMAN

Fritz Bultman (April 4, 1919-July 20, 1985) was one of the most complex men I have known — at once, generous and acquisitive, calm and temperamental, snobbish and democratic, loyal and vindictive, religious and heretical, slow-spoken and quick-witted. The contradictions in the man existed also in his work which, during any period of his career, could be both brilliant and somber in color, both figurative and abstract in style. He was not an easy artist for critics or dealers or collectors to handle. He did not present them with a simple recognizable trademark. Though they could see the consistency within given categories of his work — paintings, drawings, collages, and sculpture — the stylistic connections between categories, the recurring shapes in different media, were more difficult to see.

I knew Fritz during the last twenty-five or more years of his short life — not so short in comparison with the lives of some of the first-generation Abstract Expressionists to whom he was close, such as Pollock, Kline, and the polymath Weldon Kees, but very short in comparison with several masters of the previous generation, including Matisse and Hofmann, whom I think he most revered. Though Fritz and I may have been introduced to each other earlier, I really met him, met him head-on, in the late Fifties, at the Riverside Drive apartment of Judy and Ben Heller (then still in the Jersey business before becoming an art dealer). I was dancing on a glass Mies coffee table and Fritz came over, it seemed, to save my life. In his Southern drawl, he explained, perhaps too graphically, what might happen if the glass broke. As I listened to the short, chubby man below me gesticulating and becoming shrill, I could almost see my amputated legs floating in a pool of blood. I could almost hear the siren of the ambulance arriving just a little too late. I got off the table and talked with Fritz for a long time. We talked about his family's funeral home in New Orleans and my family's real estate business in New York; about his rather tyrannical father and my own; about his leaving home to study art in Munich, in Chicago (the New Bauhaus), in New York and Provincetown with Hofmann; and about my entering the family business while writing nights and weekends. We agreed that there was no single path leading to creative satisfaction and that one might have to make as many detours and corrections along the way as in one's work itself.

Long after midnight I introduced Fritz to my wife Abby, and he told us how much we would like his wife Jeanne. A drink or two later, I asked if it was too late to call her. Wouldn't Jeanne like to join us for a nightcap? He wasn't sure. I persisted. Finally, he gave me their number. I called and awakened Jeanne. What did I mean by

calling at this hour?...A nightcap?...Was I out of my mind?...Where's Fritz?...I put him on, and I could hear her voice rising at the other end of the line. Fritz tried to explain. Every truncated sentence began with my name. I had had this silly idea...I had been drinking...I had been dancing earlier on a glass table...Her voice continued to rise. She thought he'd better come home. By the time he got off the phone he was furious at me. How could I call Jeanne at one in the morning? How could I awaken her? How...? My explanation was simple: he had given me the number. No, he hadn't given it to me, I had wormed it out of him. He never wanted to see me again — or Abby either.

However, inevitably in the small art world of those years, we saw each other again and again — the first few times, without Jeanne, then with her, at an opening or a party following one. Fritz introduced us cautiously. He didn't have to be concerned. He was right the first time, the night at the Hellers' — Abby and I liked Jeanne. She was calmer than Fritz and more forgiving. We felt immediately that she was a soothing influence in his life and in his art.

There were other contrasts: Jeanne was tall and slim, with a long neck and a strong narrow face; Fritz, besides being comparatively short and pudgy, was almost neckless, round-faced, and soft-featured. We didn't know, couldn't know at first, the extent to which she held his life together, his and that of their sons and, later, that of their grandchildren. Fritz loved to select the clothes Jeanne wore and the art and antiques that furnished their homes on Miller Hill Road in Provincetown and on 95th Street in New York. Jeanne took care of the children, the cooking, the housekeeping, and Fritz — Fritz, most of all. She protected him from his own gregariousness, saw to it that he had the time he needed for his work and for the vast amount of art viewing and serious reading that fed into it. Gradually it became apparent that, in a sense, they always worked together. It was appropriate that Fritz's last, most major work (1981-85) — a stained-glass mural for Kalamazoo College, 12 feet by 47 feet, for which he did the designs in collage, and Jeanne (aided by a few students) did the execution in glass and leading — was a literal collaboration, though Jeanne said of it, with typical self-effacement, "I do not feel that I am an artist in the true sense of creating an original work of art, and I asked that I not be listed as an artist."

I think back to the first exhibitions of Fritz Bultman's work that I saw at the Stable Gallery in 1958 and at the Martha Jackson Gallery in 1959 — comparatively dark paintings mostly, in which natural shapes (that were to be echoed again and again in later work) began tentatively to appear and to become increasingly clearer and more refined in exhibitions of paintings, collages, and drawings in the early Sixties at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery through the early Seventies at Martha Jackson (again). During roughly the same period, 1963-75, I visited Fritz's studios quite frequently (particularly the one in Provincetown, designed by Tony Smith in 1945) and

there watched the development of a large body of sculpture, fabricated typically in plaster over wiremesh armatures. These works grew slowly and organically and were based often on forms from nature — bones, plants, horns, shells — that, through manipulation of shape and scale, achieved a monumental and often mythic presence.

It was always a surprise to visit the Provincetown studio, which resembled a large, geometric, proto-Minimalist Smith sculpture, and to find inside it Fritz's seething world of tension between the Classical and Baroque — the same world that existed in his homes full of furniture and accessories made of horn, whale vertebrae, bent-wood, carved and layered "tramp art" cigar boxes, and even bent bayonets. It was a surprise, also, to see the first major exhibition of Bultman's sculptures, cast in bronze, at the by then (early 1976) two Martha Jackson Galleries. At the end of my brother Sanford's catalogue introduction to this dual exhibition, after dealing with specific pieces — e.g., *Catch I, II, and III* and *Good News I and II* — he summarizes Bultman's accomplishments:

And what of the artist? To bring his work to fruition on earth, he too, like Persephone, must spend a goodly portion of his time toiling in the Underworld. To come up with a "catch" such as Bultman's, he must, moreover, endure a struggle with the earthly, striving for years to master not only his materials but himself. In the process he often falters, fails, suffers defeat, and is even torn asunder — somewhat in the image of the hero destined to become the mutilated god. Increasingly he looks to his work for the possibility of epiphany. Only by relinquishing the personal, "dying to the self," does the artist become at last the messenger of his muse, the work itself his glad tidings.

From the sculptures on, during the last twenty or so years of his life, Bultman did his best work and, during the last ten years, his most joyous. He was a "late bloomer" in every sense. His eyes opened more and more widely to color. His shapes themselves opened wider and wider. He saw more ambitiously and was able in the best of his work, particularly the splendid and spirited collages of the last decade, to encompass what he had learned not only from Matisse and Hoffmann but from daring books that moved across large canvases. I remember particularly his enthusiasm for Fernand Braudel's *The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II* and, more recently, for David S. Landes' *Revolution in Time: Clocks and the Making of the Modern World* — a sea and time, vast challenging themes for any artist. Fritz presented both of these books to me, almost like calling cards, cards of identity, crypto-credentials. However, he could be at least as enthusiastic about the sometimes more modest works of authors he knew well: in the Forties, Tennessee Williams and Weldon Kees; later, Donald Windham, Sandy Campbell; Norman Mailer, Rudolph Wurlitzer, Michael Stephens (whose *Paragraphs* were accompanied by fifteen

fine Bultman drawings), Anka Muhlstein, Keith Althaus, Roger Skillings, my brother, myself... Again and again over the years, he went out and bought copies of books by such friends and gave them to others, painters as well as writers, who he thought might not otherwise have seen them.

He did something else even rarer among artists — he helped us with our own work. In my case, he was always encouraging but, more specifically, he gave me information and leads for my *Jackson Pollock: Energy Made Visible*, for an article on Weldon Kees, and for two articles that appeared in *Arts Magazine*, "A Reasoned Catalogue is Almost a Life" (March, 1979; about the Pollock catalogue raisonne) and "'The Irascibles': A Split Second in Art History" (September, 1978; about the most famous photograph of the Abstract Expressionists — taken by Nina Leen for *Life*, which published it January 15, 1951). It still seems ironic to me that Bultman, along with Hofmann and Kees, was away for this photograph. Though all three signed "The Irascibles" letter protesting the Metropolitan Museum's neglect of advanced American Art, their absence from the photo itself contributed to their omission from the official, institutional Abstract-Expressionist "list."

Fritz was also generous and committed to visual artists. He studied with Hofmann as early as 1938. He was equally early in his appreciation of John Graham, Joseph Cornell, Lee Krasner, Jackson Pollock, the Cavaliers, Myron Stout, and others. In his teaching at Pratt Institute, Hunter College, the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Tulane University, Tougaloo College, and elsewhere, he gave enormously of himself to students. And at the Long Point Gallery in Provincetown (of which, in 1976, he was a founding member), he fought as hard for the youngest artist on their roster, Rick Klauber, as for one of the oldest, Robert Motherwell. And there, also, he befriended Varujan Boghosian and helped to find objects for his colleague's assemblages.

The lists could go on — lists of writers, artists, institutions; lists of specific generosity; lists of battles as worthy as that against the Metropolitan Museum; lists of squabbles as silly as his with me when we first met. . . . However, such lists would add only details, a few bumps and bulges, to the shape of a career, a reputation, that remains too modest. I would rather conclude by emphasizing the culmination of Bultman's body of work. After one more show at Martha Jackson (in 1977), little was shown except at the Long Point Gallery — little, particularly, of the superb late collages, made of hand-painted paper, "built up" almost like his sculpture, and revised, in process, like his drawings. These collages should be more widely seen, preferably within the context of Bultman's work in other media. Only then will a wider public understand its loss, and only then will it be able to cherish the memory of a significant artist who received too little attention, especially during the courageous later years when, despite almost constant illness, he produced his happiest, most accepting and affirmative work.

B.H. Friedman's fiction includes six novels and a collection of short stories. He has also written biographies of Jackson Pollock, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney and several art monographs.

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The Collages of Fritz Bultman

By Budd Hopkins

Vincent Van Gogh, marvelous though he was, in many ways spoiled things for other artists. Unlike that great, driven and ultimately mad painter, most of us in real life are easily distinguishable from the paintings and sculptures we make, and most of us, if truth be told, lead relatively uneventful lives. I've often thought of the absurdity of a Hollywood film on the life of, say, Henri Matisse. Matisse sleeping, Matisse waking up and painting, Matisse having coffee and talking to his wife, Matisse going to bed that night. Few trips to foreign shores, few dramas — in fact few memorable incidents — only many great works of art. If Kirk Douglas in steel-rimmed spectacles and a neat little beard were to play Matisse, the script would provide a paucity of opportunities to gnash those famous movie star teeth.

I bring this up, first of all, because Fritz Bultman in his late collages is something of an American Matisse. Those very large, clear, radiant works of his provide an instant joyfulness and the kind of emotional precision that Matisse would have instantly understood. I cannot write about Fritz's work, however, without remembering his as a man, as a friend, and as an extremely complex artist whose person was very different from his product. In conversation Fritz was given to long pauses, halts and near stammers as he sought a particular phrase, a necessary psychological shading. His thought could be as convoluted, inward, and even as dark as his collages were clear, precise and joyful. In a way it's as if these abstract works embody all the assurance and simplicity and sunlight that Fritz's personal style seemed to avoid. Robert Lifton once remarked to me that despite Freud and all the psychological theorizing that's gone down over the years, plain old depression remains the central problem. He meant this ironically, of course, but the truth is there. In an age of terrorism, nuclear accidents, "surgical" bombing raids that kill children and all the other horrors we read about daily, depression is almost a natural condition of life.

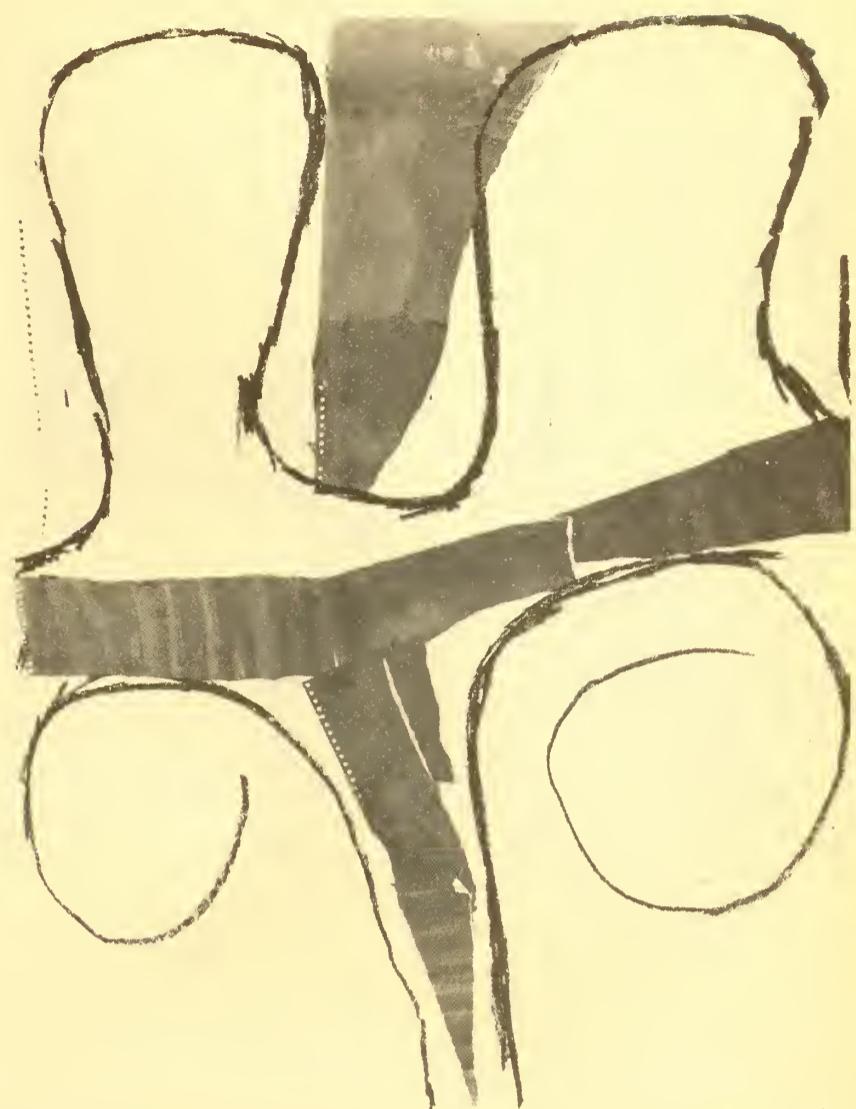
Fritz Bultman's collages provided — for himself as well as for all the rest of us — a radiant island in this depressing sea. They suggest that even now one can still be clear and assured in one's decisions, that we are not necessarily doomed to choose always amongst a mas of flawed possibilities. In fact, the pleasure of *definiteness* is one of the most valued gifts his work can bestow upon us. Fritz's generosity also includes the simple idea of beauty and the emotions it inspires. Earlier, beauty *per se* lost some of its appeal during the abstract expressionist years, when angst and authenticity were more often talked about. Artists for whom physical beauty was a more deliberate goal — people like Bonnard, for example — were often given less attention than they warranted. Fritz was an unashamed lover of color, of the light that painted paper can magically embody. Pure, simple,

straightforward beauty is more centrally important in his collages than in any of his other works — his sculptures, his drawings or his paintings, where other factors mitigate that element.

Though we may think of many disparate artists as colorists, in actual fact not that many painters over the last few centuries have stressed color as an autonomous glory in its own right, all apart from its more business-like functions in an artwork. In his collages Fritz Bultman gives us color — pure, fresh, clean, radiant color — as an end in itself, as a simple source of visual energy. In this he follows both his beloved teacher, Hans Hofmann, and Henri Matisse, the spiritual father of Fritz's late collages. In the hands of another kind of artist, someone like Mark Rothko, for example, pure color can be made to operate very differently. Rothko's method was to combine hues in such a way as to suggest inward — even tragic — emotional states. Despite the presence of saturated, "beautiful" colors, a Rothko can have the paradoxical effect of *draining* energy from the room in which it hangs. Fritz in this respect is Hofmann's true descendant, since his collages, like Hofmann's paintings, almost always function as power sources, as places to go for a necessary emotional recharge. His color cleans the eyes and invigorates the spirit.

Jeanne Bultman's translation of some of her husband's collages into stained glass attests to the primacy of pure, emotive color in his scale of values. In these works, where translucent glass replaces opaque paper, one discovers an even more intense and refined world of color and light. And since Fritz began with a stack of papers he had already painted before undertaking the process of cutting and shaping, the physical processes of the two media are not totally dissimilar. Bultman covered his strong rag paper with unmixed gouache color, stressing the primaries, black and a few rich earth hues. The earth colors — sienna and ochre appear most frequently — perform the function of grounding his images, connecting them with the soil. But in the last few years, as his health deteriorated, Fritz depended more and more often on a range of ethereal blues and whites, a higher, lighter, less physical spectrum than before. An interesting precedent comes to mind when one considers Henri Matisse, whose worldly, coloristic, carefully measured style turned out to be ideally suited for the design of a Roman Catholic chapel in Vence. Towards the end of his life, Fritz Bultman, too, was able to infuse his worldly style with new spiritual resonance — despite the fact that the changes in his work are very subtle indeed. It is as if his preoccupation with principles of organic growth, his interest in the sea and the beauty of the human form all sprang from the same spiritual source.

Fritz's world of abstract, organic forms was steeped in nature. He loved certain curves, a particular melodic edge that can equally define a wave, a breast or an antelope's horn. Yet these characteristic Bultman curves also approach the kind of regularity that belongs almost as much to geometry — to arcs of a circle superimposed and then reversed in lazy esses. They do not ever seem merely eccentric, or "naturalistic" in the manner of Arshile Gorky's family of organic edges. When Mondrian next visits the Heavenly Museum he



"The Lap"

Fritz Bultman

might surprise Fritz by recognizing him as something of a kindred soul... or, at least, a distant cousin. Fritz's reverence for clarity, for precise, pure color, for superficially simple, logical compositions which upon study appear surprisingly complex — all these elements would seem very familiar to that great and subtle Dutchman.

I first saw Fritz's collages en masse at his 1974 exhibition at the Martha Jackson Gallery, and the experience was a powerful, memorable one. He titled his show *Collages: Between Painting and Sculpture*, a name which provides a very important insight into his thinking. Fritz was, of course, a superlative sculptor, describing a visit to Edward Hopper's Truro studio. He found the old man seated in front of his easel, staring disconsolately at four joined stretcher bars sans canvas, a rectangle every bit as challenging for him, with his architectural acuity, as it would have been had the linen already been stapled in place. As lucky — or inspired — artists often do, Fritz Bultman hit on the perfect personal solution to the problem of fixed limits. He simply went to a large wall in his studio and began pinning pre-painted colored papers to it, enlarging the composition as he went along. If an initial curve seemed too short, he made it longer. Often a structure he originally conceived of as being vertical in orientation changed direction and widened. His only constraints were the wall, the problem of an eventual frame, and his own sensibility. There was no original set of limits, not even the idea that the composition must of necessity have a rectangular outer silhouette.

If a thick, lazy curve is a central Bultman unit in these collages, there is another element that is nearly as ubiquitous: it is a small, slightly irregular colored square, or series of squares. These small geometrical shapes are often glued onto the larger curving forms at precise intervals like confetti fastened to boomerangs. Though it may sound contradictory, these little squares provide both a sense of regularity and order — and a new, smaller-scale decorativeness. In fact, it's possible to look at these collages as if they were beautifully-designed machines that hum and sing only during Mardi-Gras.

In his more transitional collages — works of the sixties and early seventies — Fritz made extensive use of torn edges and irregular surfaces, thereby lessening the distance between collage and his own earlier paintings. It is a familiar process. In the nineteen-forties, for example, Robert Motherwell began making collages which intermixed painted areas with torn paper in a complex dialogue that only gradually clarified its terms. If we begin as painters we think in that medium and can easily regard collage as something to "mix" with painting; or even, if we are really condescending, as a way of working that's glib and easy. I remember Steve Pace's remarking once, tongue-in-cheek, that he'd never seen a bad collage. I had my tongue in the same place when I countered that that might be true, but I'd never seen a *good* woodcut. Collage in the hands of a master — one things immediately of Braque and

Jim Forsberg at the Art Association

By William Evaul

Jim Forsberg grew up in Sauk Centre, Minnesota, the town Sinclair Lewis made emblematic of American provincialism in his novel *Main Street*. As a teenager studying acting and art, Forsberg recalls decorating store windows along Main Street at Christmas: "I trimmed three windows and won first, second and third prize — almost all the windows in town."

At the Minneapolis School of Art, Forsberg studied with Alexander Masley, and in St. Paul he studied with Cameron Booth, both of whom had studied with Hans Hofmann. During World War II, Forsberg continued to paint. He had his first one-man show in Australia in the lobby of the Brisbane Red Cross Building in 1944. After the War, Forsberg went to New York City where he developed his innovative "stone" prints, which earned him some recognition both nationally and internationally. He was commissioned by the International Graphic Arts Society to produce two editions. The Museum of Modern Art, The National Gallery and the Museum of Modern Art (in Sao Paulo, Brazil) acquired examples of his prints.

These prints became known as "stone" prints not because they were printed from stones (they were actually printed by a cardboard cut-out relief process that Forsberg invented), but because the images — circles, orbs,

rounded rectangles — resembled the silhouettes of stones. Forsberg arranged these shapes totemically atop one another, creating odd balances with narrow spaces between the shapes, like a stack of fieldstones holding together without quite touching each other. These configurations are simple yet intricate in the dynamics of their engineering — their weight, compression and potential for kinetic energy. One can imagine these images as blueprints for Druid monuments never built.

Forsberg did not limit himself to printmaking. He continued to study painting, this time in New York with Hans Hofmann. He taught painting at the Riverdale School for Boys and exhibited at the Ashby Gallery in Greenwich Village. A painting from this period, "Trio" (1948, oil), frames an image of three stone shapes in weightless balance within a surrounding portal of broad bands of color. Warm, high chroma hues inject a counterpoint which confirms Forsberg's romantic sensibility and foretells of a future immersion in color.

In April 1954, Forsberg and his family moved to Cape Cod. He recalls, "The year before I had come up to Provincetown on a bus with Lester Johnson to look for a summer place. I liked the little white buildings, the sea, and the smell. I turned to Lester and said, 'I am going to live here.'"

Forsberg retreated from the city and the hustle-bustle. This move was more an affirmation of independence, an acceptance of the essential isolation of the artist, rather than a rejection of the pressures inherent in a metropolis.

In looking at Forsberg's early Provincetown paintings one can see the positive effect of the Outer Cape. The general color key is heightened and Forsberg begins to give full vent to his life-long affair with richly saturated hues and carefully modulated color. His paintings of the early 1960's exhibit a decidedly expressionistic flair. Gradually, Forsberg exerts more control and definition in his compositions. "Interior-Exterior" (1966, oil) is a major work which culminates the past and portends the future. Strong structures of portals, windows, arches and squares organize rich, complex color harmonies.

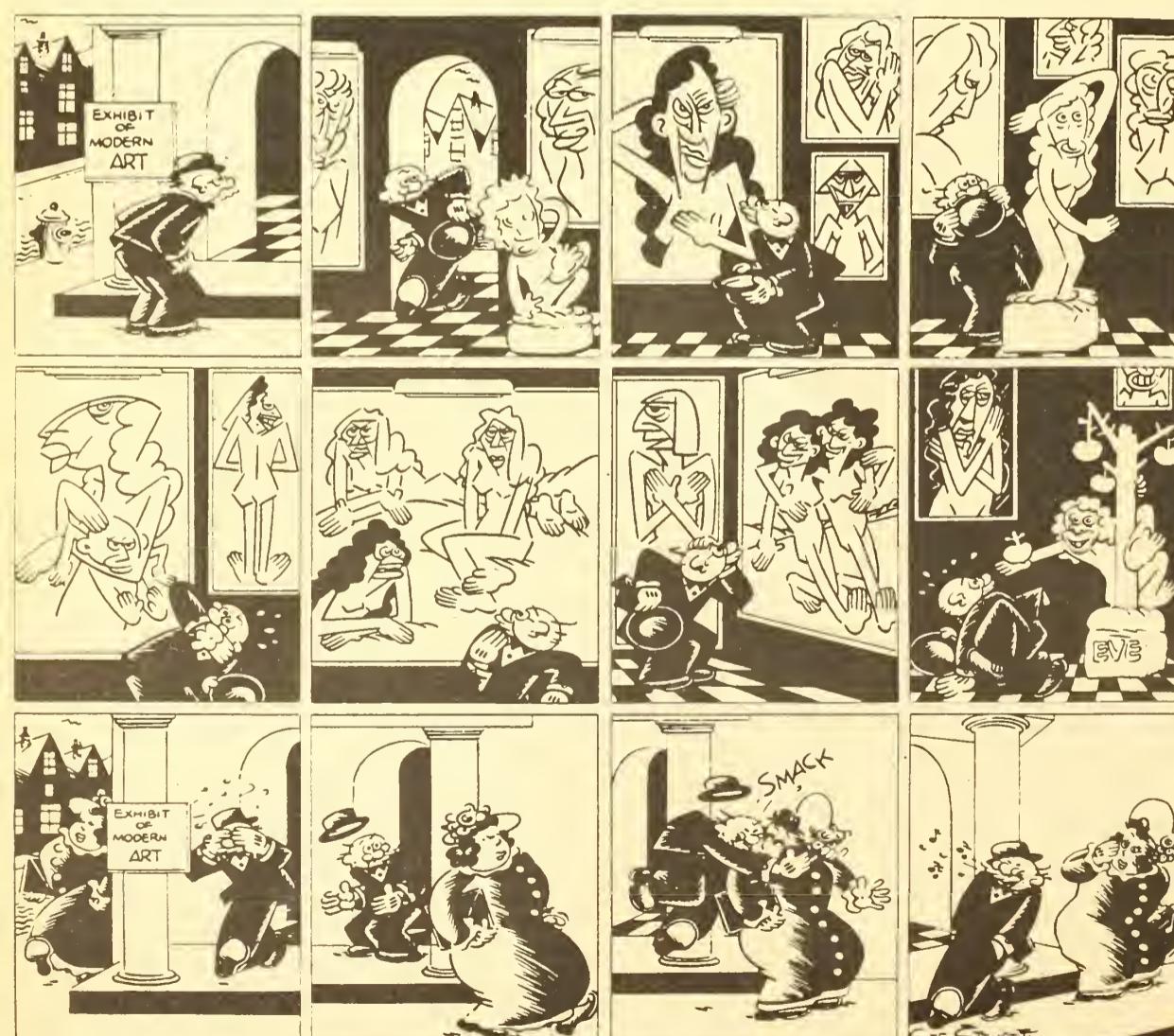
"Moon Window" (1970, oil & metal leaf) and "In the Sun" (1971, oil and metal leaf) initiate a period which demonstrates how an artist challenges himself by setting up difficult problems to solve. Forsberg incorporated the powerful, hard-to-handle effects of gold, silver and bronze metal leaf. In "Moon Window," Forsberg tames the silver leaf through the use of equally intense hues of blue and violet. The strong diagonals and rectangles of the window serve to contain the huge, expansive silver orb. In "In the Sun,"

gold and bronze metal leaf dominate. Smaller circles are enclosed within a great large circle, shape compressed against shape, replicated in the total configuration by the way the perimeter of the large sun presses against the edge of the square canvas. The whole is underpainted with vivid color which filters through the gold leaf.

Later in the 1970's, Forsberg concentrated on red canvases, circles and squares. Some of these paintings incorporate yet another difficult element: Japanese multi-colored patterned paper. At first, Forsberg chose the darker patterns. Sometimes they received a veil of paint. As the artist improved his understanding of the complicated patterns, he was emboldened to use more and brighter papers. "Casbah" (1980, collage with paper and acrylic), one of his largest paintings (60" x 84"), is a phantasmagoria of patterned portals and window forms. "Casbah" refers to the type of North African native buildings where windows and entrances absorb people in ways that struck Forsberg as mysterious, perhaps in ways not unlike thirty years of living in Provincetown.

William Evaul is Director of the Provincetown Art Association & Museum.

Comic Art



In 1912, a time when the suffragette movement was lobbying for women's independence, an innovative comic strip about an independent woman began: *Positive Polly*, soon retitled *Polly and Her Pals*, by Cliff Sterrett.

With the birth of the comic strip in 1895 and the pioneer painter/cartoonists, such as George Luks, Lyonel Feininger and John Sloan, there has been a continuous interplay with the cartoon and fine arts. Sterrett was another who found comic art both a challenge and a rich source of inspiration. His unique vision added a new dimension to the genre.

Sterrett was also an accomplished musician, playing a half-dozen instruments. His musicality permeated his work, as seen in the rhythmic flow of the panels and an almost hypnotic harmony of design. His interest in cubism and abstraction led to adapting them to the comic idiom. Sterrett combined his masterful composition with a delicate balance of black and white, utilizing stripes, checks and textures as design elements.

In the 1920's Sterrett joined the notable group of painters and graphic artists who settled in Ogunquit, Maine. The Sunday page reproduced here, featuring Polly's Paw, was Sterrett's playful satire of his fellow abstract painters.

Sterrett, born in Fergus Falls, Minnesota in 1883, drew Polly until eight years before his death in 1964.

Jerry Robinson

Jerry Robinson is cartoon editor of *Provincetown Arts*. His daily cartoon, "Life with Robinson", has been nationally syndicated for the past twenty-three years. He is past president of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists and author and illustrator of over thirty books, including *The Comics: An Illustrated History of Comic Strip Art* (C.P. Putnam).

Studio Talk With Jim Peters

By Christopher Busa

Jim Peters is a year round resident of Provincetown. Last fall he was one of nine artists selected to show in the Guggenheim Museum exhibit, "New Horizons in American Art." This spring he had his first one-man show at the CDS Gallery in New York. A former Fellow of the Fine Arts Work Center, he is the current Chairman of its Visual Committee, a position he will soon give up, he said, in order to paint with less distraction.

Peter's studio at the Work Center was once a coal bin, when the property was owned by Days Lumberyard. It remains drafty. The door was ajar when I knocked last December for a studio talk. Peters had a long thin brush in his hand, with a dart-like tip. The cuffs of his brown leather bomber jacket were tattered, the sleeves were paint-splattered. The studio was chilly; our breath made little clouds. Peters's eyes, icy blue and very fluid, looked out through a pair of glasses decorated with baby-boy-blue creatures tumbling around the rims. These glasses, a fantasia of childhood, were perhaps decorated by Peter's wife, Vickie Tomayko, an artist and a current Work Center Fellow. Vickie makes constructions that are often rooms within the house of the child's imagination, miniature worlds that speak to their small child, Arvid. "His name means 'wanderer,'" Peters said, "and he is a wanderer. He wanders all over the place."

Intelligent and quick-tongued, Peters has a masters degree in nuclear engineering from MIT. "Science taught me many things, but I almost backed into science," he said while we stood on the cold cement floor. "I was sheltered, brought up in a conservative family in upstate New York. At twelve I remember I missed a ground ball and said 'shit' and I felt terrible. It was the first time I ever swore. Now I think, people at twelve shouldn't be dealing with this. But I've always had a powerful sense of right and wrong. I was taught to be moral, to do good to other people, that a man took a stand in life as a person. The first time I voted for a Democrat, I felt guilty. In 1963 Kennedy became President, the Russians had launched Sputnik. I had a scholarship to go to Cornell School of Architecture, but I went to Annapolis where there was no art at all. I took atomic and theoretical physics because I wanted something more abstract than engineering. I never took a weapons course, though I loved reading about wars and revolutions, especially the French Revolution. I was amazed how the Left squabbled among themselves."

Three days after he graduated from the Naval Academy, Peters married his first wife. The Navy wanted to send him to sea, Jim didn't want to go, so he competed for a national fellowship from the Atomic Energy Commission and won. He received a leave of absence to go to MIT, where he didn't have to wear a uniform. "I lived in Cambridge," Peters said, "a whole new world. The SDS ran things at Harvard, and I played basketball with

those radicals. I started thinking globally. That is when I started painting. One morning I woke up thinking, 'Hey, I can be a painter.'"

After the Navy, Peters went to the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, where he earned an MFA in Painting. A favorite teacher was Sal Scarpitta, an artist with a predilection for wrapping objects as a means of possessing them, vaguely in the spirit of Christo but without Christo's Whitmanesque egotism. Scarpitta once said, "I thought if I was going to wrap packages at Woolworth's there should at least be something dignified in that. But I'm not going to wrap someone else's property, especially parks." Scarpitta remains a mentor. "When I paint," Peters said, "I actually think about other people looking at my work, contrary to the myth that artists work totally for themselves, as my wife, Vickie, assumes. But I may imagine my old teacher Sal Scarpitta or my friend Jon Friedman coming in and looking at the painting while I'm working. We carry on these little discussions. Sometimes we even talk out loud."

Peters squints, remembering. "I feel Sal's eyes. The armpit should be hairy, just the way Sal likes it. He's the person who taught me that dirt must be in everything since dirt's in all the rest of life. We used to talk about Rauschenberg and the whole idea of dirty paintings made portable so that other people can look at them on a clean wall. There seemed a great hypocrisy in making these 'gutsy' paintings that are pre-planned to hang in a gallery or a house."

In his painting, Peters began to develop a kind of space which he calls "industrially cozy," referring to the twisting metal staircases and tight quarters framed by portholes in the innards of ships, housing Navy personnel on three levels, which Peters had experienced briefly while serving on an aircraft carrier. His paintings became constructions, sheets of tin added on to an original rectangle, accomodating enlargements of aspects of the central scene. Often Peters affixes a photograph or a glass window, or both, to a smaller area of his work, perhaps a glimpse in the background of a naked woman in a cramped bathroom, her image smeared with streaks of gray paint, as if the paint were smudges of dirt intervening between the pure image and the perception of the pure image, much the way a memory might be tinged with an emotional coloration such as regret. Lately, Peters has been experimenting with photographic negatives, passing them over a gray background, a neutralizing background, so that the negative looks nearly normal.

The same woman glimpsed in the background will be thrust forward to reappear in another part of the house, but now she is huge, transforming the domestic space (usually a bedroom or bathroom) by the drama of her scale and by the sense of sudden exposure, where the figure is exposed in a moment of intense inner illumination.



Jim Peters, "The Loss"

CDS Gallery

Lines of radiance rain down from her head, placing her in a visionary isolation.

Of course she is naked. Peters says sincerely, "I wouldn't paint if I couldn't paint naked women." He is keenly aware of the sexual power of women. (He confesses Julie Christie is his epitome of beauty.) "Although it is dangerous to say this, the hero of my paintings is female. I am putting my fears, emotions, jealousies into the female. The man, if there is a man in the painting, is more a foil. Often the man is an afterthought, although when I look at pornographic film, I'm much more excited by scenes in which males and females are present, coupling, rather than simply scenes of women. My early paintings were more sexist, more pornographic, because I didn't know how to say what I wanted to say. When I paint, I feel a sensual/sexual pleasure, and the woman is the heroine. I feel this for the idea of the woman, the way she develops as a figure, the changes in scale, placement and gesture, and I don't feel this for the materials, the paint. I think about whether I'd want to make love to the figure I am making. I agree with Renoir, 'The painting is done when I feel like patting her on the ass.' Sometimes I'm blinded. I see beauties no one else sees. To hold and express the feeling I want, my figures must feel 'chunky' to me."

While speaking to Peters, I remembered a painting not in the studio. It depicts a woman standing in a pool of blue water, which eddies at her knees. She is wearing a wet skirt or a slip so sheer her pubic hair is visible. Cutaway toward the bottom of the painting is a square construction, really a window, which floats within the circle of a white wreath, painted crudely on the water. The woman's arms are crossed as if she is waiting for something with apprehension. In the window in the wreath in the water, a man is sleeping or drowning or dead, cutoff at the neck, his eyes closed, a bubble or two rising from his mouth.

The painting was about a man and a woman. The man who could be dreaming could be dreaming the woman standing over him. I said to Peters, "The man generates the woman, doesn't he, in this painting?"

Peters corrected me. "The painting is called 'The Loss' because it is about a woman who has lost or been separated from her male companion. (My paintings are mostly about male/female relationships. That's what interests me. A relationship has, inherent in it, a past, present, and future. So time is part of it.) The man is drowned in a box in the water, with water around him. The bubbles equal communication. The woman stands, arms folded, radiating spirituality with those raked streaks of white descending down her shoulders. The man would not be there at all but for the memory of that woman, which is about the man she has lost."

"So the man in the window is an image of what is not there, an image of what is absent?" I asked.

"Yes," Peters said. "One way of creating a painting is to involve yourself with a short story — the *flash* of the story, the immediate part of the story. You see, when I make paintings, I spend half the time looking at them, or more. I spend time creating this little story that involves me with what I am painting. I don't usually do any drawings preparatory to painting. I don't want to know what I am going to do. Usually I start off with a female form and she's lying down or sitting up, however I feel toward her at the time. Then I react to that, I start the painting. The figures must move all around while I paint the painting, if the process is to become a short story. No figure has started out in one place and ended in the same place. I used to paint women without their heads, because the heads were too complex. Even now, if I change one-eighth of an inch of her mouth, I change the expression. I could move a window an

Continued on page 16

D. Johnson

Continued from page 5

a throne of heaven. I loved the pictures of it but I didn't actually see it for a year and half.

Johnson's complex and deeply moving poem about Hampton's "The Throne" is built out of three sections. The first section, whose lines at first slide back and forth between tetrameter and trimeter, reminds me in its rhythms of the old revolutionary workers' ballad of Joe Hill; with a kind of lilting sadness, it takes us from Washington, D.C., where Hampton worked, to the artist's birthplace, both places gradually constructed out of bits and pieces of America at its most ugly and blighted:

Nobody in the Elloree,
South Carolina, Stop-n-Go,
Nobody in the Sunoco,

Or in all of Elloree, his birthplace,
knows His name.

Johnson's brilliant handling of the line breaks allows him to convey simultaneously the terrifying emptiness of Elloree and the even more terrifying aloneness of Hampton. The second section seems at first to want to repeat the visit to Elloree, this time in the flat, prosy rhythms of the conversational voice, but almost immediately, the poem swerves to the speaker's confrontation with "The Throne," a

work which frightens him by making starkly real, not only Hampton's poverty, insanity, and loneliness, but also the plight of all those others like him, which Hampton's work empowers the viewer to see, so that the speaker finally cries out with revolutionary fervor:

I don't believe that Christ, when he claimed
The last will be first, the lost life saved—
When he implied that the deeply abysmal is deeply blessed—
I just can't believe that Christ, when faced
With poor, poor people hoping to become at best
The wives and husbands of a lonely fear
would have spoken redundantly.
Surely he couldn't have referred to some other time
Or place, when in fact such a place and time
Are unnecessary. We have a time and a place here,
Now, abundantly.

Here the fullness of the present, its abundant possibilities for change and fulfillment, press for action *now*, this very moment, only to be undercut almost immediately with the opening lines of the last section — "He waits forever in front of diagrams/On a blackboard in one of his photographs." — which builds the desolation and craziness of Hampton, as well as the ghetto neighborhood where he lived, out of the bits and fragments of Hampton's own creation:

Faded red cloth,
Jelly glasses and lightbulbs,
Metal (cut from coffee cans),
Upholstery tacks, small nails
And simple sewing pins,
Lightbulbs, cardboard,
Kraft paper, desk blotters,
Gold and aluminum foils
Neighborhood hums the foil
On their wine bottles,

Despite Johnson's assertion in the interview quoted from earlier that "there's a certain tension missing" in the new poems that make up "The Veil," for me the tension between the poet's hopes for human fulfillment in this life and Hampton's crazed isolation is almost unbearable and, finally, only somewhat relieved by the interpretative role that Johnson's poem assumes in relation to "The Throne." By gradually placing "The Throne" within a context — Hampton's own life — which allows us to understand it, Hampton's work is allowed to communicate its vision, and with that communication, the artist becomes integrated into our own lives, returned to the society from which he had been excluded. In this poem, the interpretative act becomes a gesture of friendship which the poet extends toward Hampton, the only gesture that could be extended to him now. And Hampton's vision, which finally takes over and concludes the poem, seems to embody what it celebrates — the will to endure understood as the will to construct, the process of construction, in Hampton's case, becoming larger than — and paradoxically, consuming and outlasting the work of art itself. In

fact, the process of construction dwarfs, in its enormous perseverance, even what the image of the throne alludes to, the apocalypse and judgment, the moment at the end of time which stops all temporal processes. Each time I read this extraordinary poem, it fulfills for me the purpose of art as set forth by the speaker of another recent Johnson poem, "Movie Within a Movie":

I go to the movies as I'd go to the dawn,
and the triumphs there, the things
that are brought to light,
the large, sad lives of people not so
different
from me, their stories heard
through a timbler held to the ear
and seen through a gauze of falling
sand—
these are my triumphs; I am
brought to light.

NOTES

1. See, for example, "The Rockefeller Collection of Primitive Art" and "Movie Within a Movie" in *New American Poets of the 80's*, ed. Jack Myers and Roger Weingarten (Wampeter Press, 1984).

2. "The Kind of Light I'm Seeing: An Interview with Denis Johnson," *Ironwood* 25 (Spring, 1985):31-44. This interview was conducted by David Wojahn and Lynda Hull on February 12, 1984 in Provincetown.

3. "The Throne of the Third Heaven of the Nations Millennium General Assembly," *Paris Review* 95 (Spring, 1985), p. 74.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 75.

5. *Ibid.*

6. *Ibid.*, p. 76.

7. "The Kind of Light I'm Seeing," p. 44.

8. *New American Poets of the 80's*, p. 160.

The Throne of the Third Heaven of the Nations Millennium General Assembly

*James Hampton, 1909, Elloree, S.C. — 1964, Washington, D.C.
Custodian, General Services Administration;
Maker of The Throne*

By Denis Johnson

I dreamed I had been dreaming,
And sadness did descend.
And when from the first dreaming
I woke, I walked behind

The window crossed with smoke and rain
In Washington, D.C.,
The neighbors strangling newspapers
Or watching the T.V.

Down on the rug in undershirts
Like bankrupt criminals.
The street where Revelation
Made James Hampton miserable

Lay wet beyond the glass,
And on it moved streetcorner men
In a steam of crossed-out clues
And pompadours and voodoo and

Sweet Jesus made of ivory;
But when I woke, the headlights
Shone out on Elloree.

Two endless roads, four endless fields,
And where I woke, the veils
Of rain fell down around a sign:
FRI & SAT JAM W/ THE MEAN

MONSTER MAN & II.
Nobody in the Elloree,
South Carolina, Stop-n-Go,
Nobody in the Sunoco,

Or in all of Elloree, his birthplace, knows
His name. But right outside
Runs Hampton Street, called probably
For the owners of his family.

God, are you there, for I have been
Long on these highways and I've seen
Miami, Treasure Coast, Space Coast,
I have seen where the astronauts burned,

I have looked where the Fathers placed the pale
Orange churches in the sun,
Have passed through Georgia in its green
Eternity of leaves unturned,

But nothing like Elloree.

II

Sam and I drove up from Key West, Florida,
Visited James Hampton's Birthplace in South Carolina,
And saw The Throne
At The National Museum of American Art in Washington.
It was in a big room. I couldn't take it all in,
And I was a little frightened.

I left and came back home to Massachusetts.

I'm glad The throne exists:

My days are better for it, and I feel
Something that makes me know my life is real
To think he died unknown and without a friend,
But this feeling isn't sorrow. I was his friend
As I looked at and was looked at by the rushing-together parts
Of this vision of someone who was probably insane
Frowning brighter and brighter like a forest after a rain,
And if you look at the leaves of a forest,
At its dirt and its heights, the stuttering mystic
Replication, the blithering symmetry,
You'll go crazy, too. If you look at the city
And its spilled wine
And broken glass, its spilled and broken people and hearts,
You'll go crazy. If you stand
In the world you'll go out of your mind.

But it's all right,

What happened to him. I can, now

That he doesn't have to,

Accept it.

I don't believe that Christ, when he claimed

The last will be first, the lost life saved—

When he implied that the deeply abysmal is deeply blessed—

I just can't believe that Christ, when faced

With poor, poor people hoping to become at best

The wives and husbands of a lonely fear,

would have spoken redundantly.

Surely he couldn't have referred to some other time

Or place, when in fact such a place and time

Are unnecessary. We have a time and a place here,

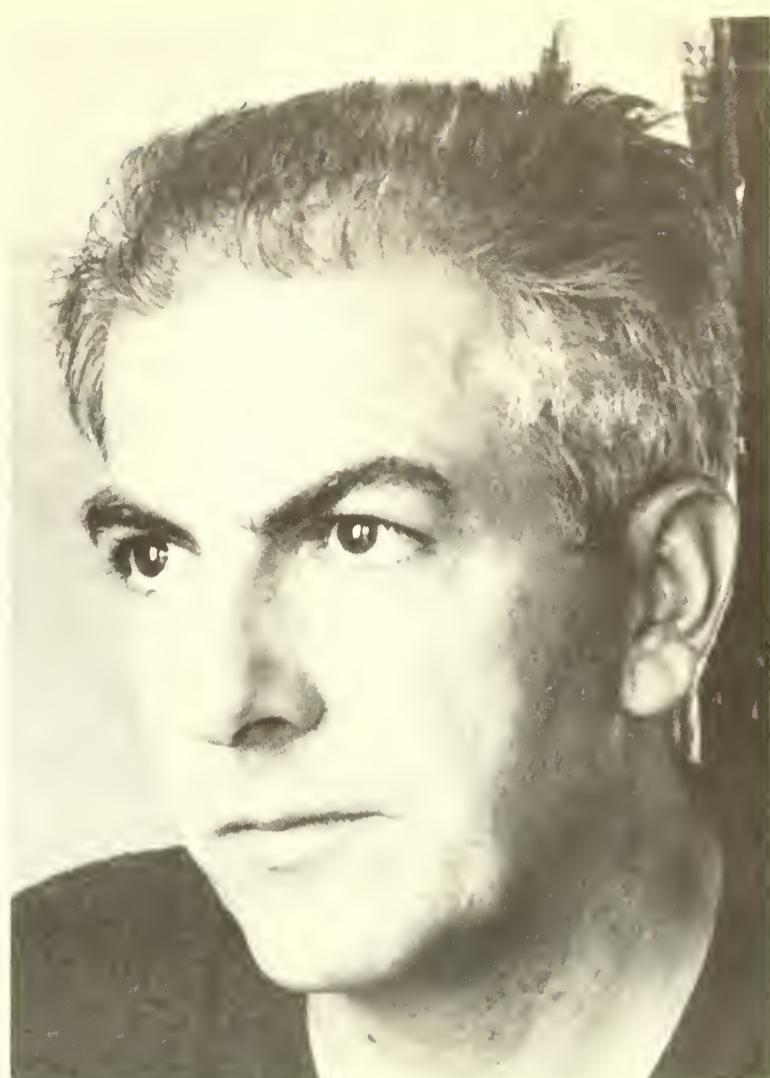
Now, abundantly.

III

He waits forever in front of diagrams
On a blackboard in one of his photographs,
Labels that make no sense attached
To the radiant, alien things he sketched,
Which aren't objects, but plans.
Of his last dated
Vision he stated:
"This design is proof of the Virgin Mary descending
Inton Heaven . . ."
The streetcorner men, the shaken earthlings—
It's easy to imagine his hands
When looking at their hands
Of leather, loving on the necks
Of jugs, sweetly touching the dice and bad checks,
And to see in everything a making
Just like his, an unhinged
Deity in an empty garage
Dying alone in some small consolation.
Photograph me photograph me photo
Graph me in my suit of loneliness,
My tie which I have been
Saving for this occasion,
My shoes of dust, my skin of pollen,
Addressing the empty chair; behind me
The Throne of the Third Heaven
Of the Nations Millennium General Assembly.
i AM ALPHA AND OMEGA THE BEGINNING
AND THE END,
The trash of government buildings,
Faded red cloth,
Jelly glasses and lightbulbs,
Metal (cut from coffee cans),
Upholstery tacks, small nails
and simple sewing pins,
Lightbulbs, cardboard,
Kraft paper, desk blotters,
Gold and aluminum foils,
Neighborhood hums the foil
On their wine bottles,
The Revelation.
And I command you not to fear.

This poem was published first in The Paris Review (Spring, 1985), and is reprinted with permission.

In Memoriam



Peter Busa

June 23, 1914—September 13, 1985



Al DiLauro

July 3, 1930—October 20, 1985



Charlie Zhender

May 13, 1929—October 30, 1985

IMPRESSIONISM IN PROVINCETOWN

Continued from page 8

Pears, Joan Hopkins, George N. Morris, and Anne Rodgers can be seen in his light up to the present time.

Historically, a different brand of American Impressionism, overlapping Hawthorne's earlier version, came into Provincetown during the 'teens and lasted into the twenties until the great clash occurred in the Art Association between all of the "old hat" Impressionists and the "Moderns." This second wave was largely comprised of expatriate painters forced by the Great War to return from their beloved Europe. Provincetown offered casual style, inexpensive living, congenial, quasi-cafeline socializing, exotic Portuguese natives and picturesque scenery — in short, a continental ambience. They joined radical intellectuals like John Reed, writers like Susan Glaspell and Eugene O'Neill, poets like Harry Kemp, and the actresses and actors who made the Provincetown Playhouse famous, for whom Provincetown was like Greenwich Village with clam sauce, as one wit put it. Among these new painters in town were Richard E. Miller who had been a star in Parisian academic art circles with his hot house brand of Impressionism, William Paxton of the Boston School who had been coming here on and off for many years but who no longer had a European alternative in the summers, and George Elmer Brown, who set up one of the six competing art schools that were in existence by 1916. So numerous were art students in Provincetown during those years in fact, that the narrow streets were literally cluttered to the point of impassability with easels. One elderly member of the Town Hall bench-lounger set is on record saying, "Beats hell what they all come from and how they ever make a livin' at it."

Among the other art school alternatives was Ambrose Webster's Summer School of Painting. Webster was considered modern, partly because of his color theories, and partly because of the expressionist flavor he gave to

his essentially Impressionist landscapes. (He and Oliver Chaffee increasingly modified their Impressionism during the first decades of the century with near-Fauvist color and brushwork and Chaffee went completely over to the Modern side in the post-war years.) The Provincetown Moderns — artists such as B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Maurice Sterne, and William and Marguerite Zorach — had their own school as well. The Moderns put increasingly heavy pressure on the Provincetown Art Association (which had only been formed in 1914) to gain visibility in the annual exhibitions. Finally, in 1927, the bizarre system of separate exhibitions for the Moderns and for the conservative, academic Impressionists was instituted and remained the norm until 1937 when distinctions between the rival factions were too blurry to fight about any more.

The schism in the Art Association was part of the general rift in the social life of Provincetown artists in the late 'teens and early twenties. Though there were some crossovers, the Moderns were generally allied with the rest of the radicals, while the Impressionist and academic conservatives banded together in the Beachcombers — a sort of nautical version of the Century Club (all male) — and the Sailort Club for the ladies. The Beachcombers, which still exists and has periodic partying meetings, was organized in 1916 "to promote good fellowship among men sojourning or residing in or about Provincetown who are engaged in the practice of the arts or their branches." The officers were a Captain, to keep the crew in order, a purser, and a ship's surgeon, who's duty it was to administer soothing potions and healing drafts — booze — to the crew. In addition to splendid eating and drinking in "the old hulk," a rickety wharf across from the Art Association which washed away some years later in a storm, they put on bawdy minstrel shows and plays, costume balls and benefits. Between their antics, the Art Associa-

tion costume balls, and the theatrical events at the Provincetown Playhouse, so much was happening in Provincetown that articles appeared in the Boston papers about the "hi-jinks" going on down on the Cape.

A few more practitioners of Impressionism joined the party in Provincetown during the last years it held sway there. Wealthy Reynolds Beal had been sailing in and out of Provincetown Harbor, Wellfleet, Orleans and up and down the coast of the Cape for many years painting and drawing copiously, but his brother, Gifford Beal, came to stay a while in the twenties, even becoming Captain of the Beachcombers. Gifford's Prendergast-like decorative Impressionism gave way to a dark, emotional realism as he focused on the hard life of fishermen here, but Reynolds' scintillating style stayed the same throughout. John Whorf painted a sparkling, but essentially sentimental sort of Impressionism, while Max Bohn and John Noble Impressionistically softened a turn-of-the-century kind of academic painting. Since Impressionism in Provincetown had degenerated into an academicism of its own by the early twenties anyway, they blended right in.

Decades later, after 1960, when Hans Hofmann had been teaching here many years and Abstract Expressionism had been the dominant American style for a long time, another kind of Impressionism flourished in Provincetown's narrow streets and can still be seen co-existing with all of the other subsequent art styles of the intervening years. In this particular Impressionist style the free-wheeling, gestural paint handling of Abstract Expressionism (itself an outgrowth of Impressionist practice) is tamed — channeled, one might say — into the service of gentler visions or impressions. Wolf Kahn and Peter Watts rain strokes of color down profusely over their quiet landscape subjects, a barn, a marsh, a Truro hill; Sideo Fromboluti and Nora Speyer create coruscant surfaces of thick

pigment to depict waterlilies in a Wellfleet pond or luxuriant flower gardens; Jane Piper and Ancil Chasteen paint blindingly sunlight-filled canvases of homely subjects, flowers in a vase or children splashing in the bay; Brenda Horowitz in acrylic on a large scale and Paul Resika in oil suggest hills and ponds, sunsets and salt-hay covered flats with squiggles and wide horizontal swipes of loosely, freely applied paint. The energy and vitality of Abstract Expressionism infuse these pacific subjects with new life, and the presence of such painting in Provincetown is an important aspect of the continuing liveliness of an art scene now over 100 years old.

Jim Peters

continued from page 13

eighth of an inch and nobody would notice. Faces are subtle."

"In a painting, one's eyes wash over the face," I said to Peters. "In a literary narrative, you are obliged to enter sequentially. How do your paintings tell a story?"

"In film, or in reading a book, the past is the past, what has past. It's not there. It's gone. In painting you don't really lose the past. It remains available, yet it remains difficult to incorporate."

"Time is what keeps everything from happening all at once," I said, quoting Bergson.

"You have to somehow *disguise* time because of the immediacy of the visual image, or *jolt* time by putting it in different perspectives. In a lot of my paintings I make these really little people, or little scenes — they appear in holes or vents or ducts, in alleys. My paintings ask me, 'Is that little couple kissing at the same time that life-size woman kneels naked on the bed, alone?' In Renais' *Last Year at Marienbad*, people would start one sentence in one set of clothes and finish it in another set of clothes. The film has amazing devices for changing time, which painters can learn from: planes cutting into each other, sinking things in far perspective, changing scale. I like playing with the idea that be drastically changing scale, you can change the time frame also. Every painting is a narrative for me, but when I am done, I have only the painting, and I don't expect anyone to know the story which is mostly obliterated by the time I finish."

"Jim, you've said that you sometimes have imaginary talks with real friends in your studio. But do you do much studio talk with others like myself who are merely curious?"

"I do some. When people come to my studio it's very ego-gratifying. Must I say, they only come to the studio when I feel good about the painting? A lot of the discussion is a pep talk for me as a painter. That just happens to be the way I work."

Bultman

continued from page 11

Matisse, Bultman and Motherwell — is an arena in which large esthetic choices can be made quickly, clearly and decisively. The exact placement of a shape can assume the same importance that the choice of adjectives has in Haiku. Over the years Fritz Bultman's collages developed away from a complex and imitative painterliness and towards a greater sense of simplification and distilled power. Clear shapes and pure colors stand up clearly for themselves. Typical later works like *The Red Wave* and *The Beach* have, as it were, fewer moving parts. There is an increased sense of compressed energy in these collages that fully comports with Fritz's position as an early and important figure in the abstract expressionist movement. His works are forthright and ebullient in a way that occasionally reminds one of certain paintings by his friend Franz Kline.

The only artists in history who really have had to *name* their works the way we name our children are abstract artists. Representative artists can, if

they wish, just describe the subject — *Cape End Light* or *Reclining Nude*. The titles abstract painters choose can be clues to sensibility, and even to the artist's values. Franz Kline's use of Wagnerian names like *Siegfried* or *Wotan*, for example, or Jackson Pollock's *Lavender Mist* or *Autumn Rhythm* are cases in point. Fritz Bultman loved the Cape. He loved the sea and swam almost daily, rain or shine. He was born in New Orleans, and beneath the surface of his work lies that city's mixed aura of French order and American jazz, of carnival nights and Catholic ritual. He gave his collages names like *The Blue Wave*, *The Gulf Stream*, *Celebration*, *Midsummer*, and, inevitably, *Mardi Gras*. Many of his collages, in their heavy curves and intense color, also suggest blossoming, opening, even sexual forms that are simultaneously energetic and oddly languid. Despite the impact of Bultman's blunt, hard-edged shapes, one soon discovers their surprising emotional ambiguity. A very complex mind lay behind these apparently simplified images, as I have pointed out. Fritz was a true intellectual, a widely read man whose interests were varied and eccentric. A book on the spiral as a principle of nature might be taken up after a

history of Africa, a collection of essays by Adrian Stokes or a work on the theory of costume. Whenever my wife and I visited the Bultman's we were always curious to know what new book he had discovered what odd topic he was currently pursuing. Yet Fritz's intellectual activities do not fully explain the man. He drew almost daily from the nude, and the drawings clearly reveal his appreciation of female sensuality. Fritz's excitement at discovering a new writer or historian was matched by his pleasure at having found a wonderful new model. And that particular pleasure, with its subtle sexual overtones, is also present in the waving, curving shapes of the large abstract collages.

Apart from his moods of depression and despair — moods inevitably produced by chronic poor health — nearly every aspect of Fritz's complex temperament somehow fused with the others to fuel the collages of his last decade. They rank, I believe, among the greatest works of the era. They are beautiful, magisterial, and now, in retrospect, strangely spiritual. It is a profoundly depressing thought to know that we will not see Fritz again, but it is equally sad to know that the last of these great works is in the world, and there will be no more.

Castle Hill Truro Center for the Arts



"I love teaching. It's an honor to have people open up, chew on your ideas, and return them in ways one never thought possible. At Castle Hill there is the added dimension of seeing all types of professionals working side by side with artists. Diving into new materials and pushing and stretching one another's potential. By the end of class, who can safely say where the lines are drawn?"

—Anna Poor



"In landscape painting we reveal forms confined within the 'picture plane'—pictorial space which separates 'Art from Reality.'"

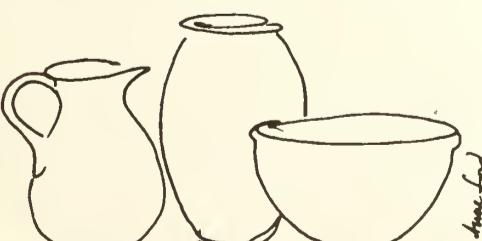
—Salvatore Del Deo



"I like to concentrate on aspects of life drawing that can be learned: anatomy, line quality, and composition—as keys to developing the students' own way of expression."

—Tony Vevers

An Exhibit and Sale of
Ceramics, Sculpture and 3 Dimensional Work
by Castle Hill Faculty



JULY

WORKSHOPS & STARTING DATES

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, CALL 349-7511

Painting

- June 30 Landscape Painting in Oils—Loretta Feeney
- July 7 Painting from the Landscape—Salvatore Del Deo
- 7 Painting from the Masters/Matisse—Leslie Jackson
- 8 Painting & Mixed Media Workshop—Jim Peters & Paul Bowen
- 11 Advanced Studio—Gilbert Franklin, Budd Hopkins, Leslie Jackson, Jim Peters
- 21 Interpretive Watercolor—Elizabeth Pratt
- 28 Landscape Painting/watercolor & acrylic—Dan Ziembo

Drawing

- June 30 Drawing from the Figure—Andrew McMillan
- July 5 Drawing Fundamentals—Leslie Jackson
- 5 Pastel in the Landscape—Robert DuFoit
- 5 Open Figure/with model—no instructor
- 7 Principles of Life Drawing/beginning & advanced—Tony Vevers

Sculpture

- July 14 Relief Sculpture/figure & still life—Joyce Johnson
- 21 Plaster Workshop—Anna Poor
- 28 The Figure in Clay—Anna Poor & Anne Lord

Ceramics

- June 30 Wheel & Handbuilding/beginners—Katy McFadden
- July 7 Wheel & Handbuilding/beginning & advanced—Katy McFadden
- 14 Vessel Forms in Porcelain—Daisy Brand
- 21 Wheel & Handbuilding/beginning & advanced—Mark Bell
- 28 Stoneware/Production & Altered—Byron Temple

Photography

- July 1 Black & White Photography—Rachel Giese
- 5 Black & White Photography for Teenagers—Rachel Giese
- 19 Seeing What's Around You—Joel Meyerowitz

Weaving

- July 7 Weaving Studio—Marja Van Pietersen
- 21 The Japanese Garment Workshop—Diane Daniel
- 28 Open Studio/practice—Marja Van Pietersen

Writing

- July 7 Poetry Workshop—Alan Dugan
- 8 Acting/Writer's Workshop—Lynda Sturmer

Of Special Interest

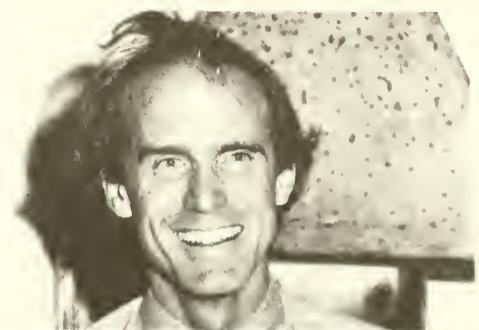
- June 30 Papermaking Workshop—Brenton Welsh
- July 7 Papermaking Workshop—Brenton Welsh
- 7 Sumi-e/Japanese Ink Painting—Eleanor Meldahl
- 14 Book-Making/Image-Making—Rosalind Pace & Marcia Simon
- 22 Researching Truro History—Barbara Meade

Teens & Kids

- Teens (12 and up)
- July 5 Black & White Photography for Teenagers—Rachel Giese
- 5 Drawing Fundamentals—Leslie Jackson
- 5 "Yes, You Can Throw on the Wheel"—Maree Nicholson
- 7 Sumi-e/Japanese Ink Painting—Eleanor Meldahl
- 8 Painting & Mixed Media Workshop—Jim Peters & Paul Bowen
- 14 Book-Making/Image-Making—Rosalind Pace & Marcia Simon

Kids (6 and up)

- July 5 "Kid's Clay"—Mark Bell
- 5 "Kid's Painting"—Teru Simon
- 11 Off the Wall/Collage, construction & sculpture—Elspeth Halvorsen
- 21 Writing & Illustrating a Book of Your Own—Cameron Watson



"What I would most like to transmit to students is the raw enthusiasm and courage necessary for them to push their own work, to challenge their own abilities and concepts. Technique, style come with time, but the essential stance, needed right from the beginning, is to question, to experiment, to risk."

—Jim Peters



"I present children with the idea that they can build art. Beginning with one object, and nailing, screwing and gluing other objects to it they build objects of their own imagining which frees them from past feelings of constraint about making art."

—Elspeth Halvorsen



"My teaching stems from my good learning experiences and the wish to continue the transmittal process."

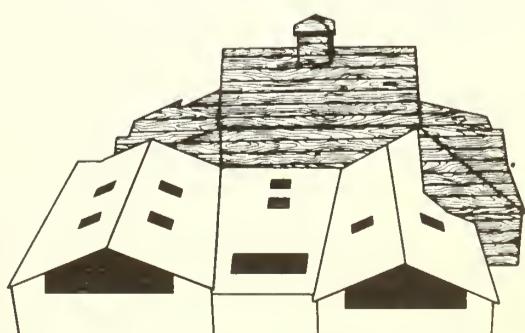
—Rachel Giese

JULY 4

4—7 PM Open House

at Castle Hill, Castle Road, Truro

A Model of the Castle Hill Building
expansion plans will be exhibited.



EXHIBITIONS

David Brown Gallery

Opening Friday, July 4th



Barbara Baum

"Another Day"

"These recent gouaches are pictures that evolved from an interest in traditional landscape as well as an interest in developing a personal sort of imagery; a language that can depict my responses to my small world at home as well as the larger world around us all."

Barbara Baum

"A good habit is as hard to break as a bad habit. Painting and drawing are habits that I acquired a long time ago."

I'm fortunate in that I've been able to teach; eaching has also left me time to work in my studio—to indulge in my habit (good or bad).

Making a painting or drawing is a kind of adventure; I never know where it's going or how it will turn out. The result is always a surprise to me. Like any trek through life, sometimes it's very difficult and other times it's as pleasurable as hugging and kissing."

David Ratner

Opening Friday, July 18



Jon Imber

"Hang On"

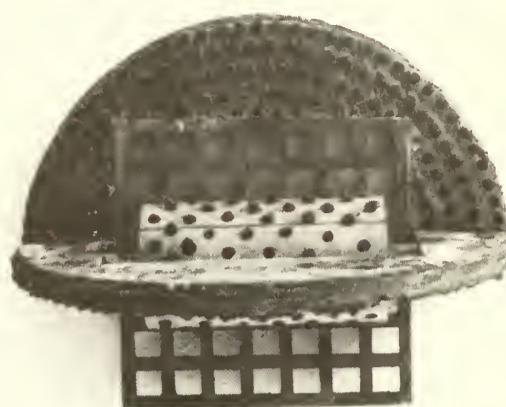
"It was in Provincetown 30 years ago that I was transformed by some magical means known only in Provincetown, into an artist, and have been grateful ever since. Provincetown being a tremendous source of creative energy and the place of beginning in art, I find myself returning as often as possible to recharge my soul."

Jon Imber

"These are all paintings depicting real people who are close to me in some way. Everything in the paintings, from a background color to a fingernail, has a real significance for me. Yet, it is only when I begin to uncover the visible world and touch some of the mystery within, that I feel that I'm really on to something."

Bill Barrell

Cherry Stone Gallery



Graham Modern

"If there should ever be chosen, from among Provincetown artists of the period covered by this writing a band of the elect, I would expect to find in such company the painter Oliver Chaffee. He had died early in 1944, and his works formed a memorial group in the Hawthorne Gallery in the summer of that year. An old Provincetown hand who came here in 1910 from the Henri school in New York, to study with Ambrose Webster, he along with Webster had exhibited in the Amory show of 1913. Open and friendly, he was, however, averse to currying favor in influential art quarters. His recognition rested largely with Provincetown artists of liberal outlook, among whom he was often regarded as a mentor, generously passing on the insight he acquired. He was a modern before modernism became popular. There should be somewhere, perhaps with his relatives, a body of Chaffee oil and watercolor landscapes that would represent one of the highest achievements realized by a Provincetown painter."

Ross Moffett on Oliver Newberry Chaffee

Paul Bowen

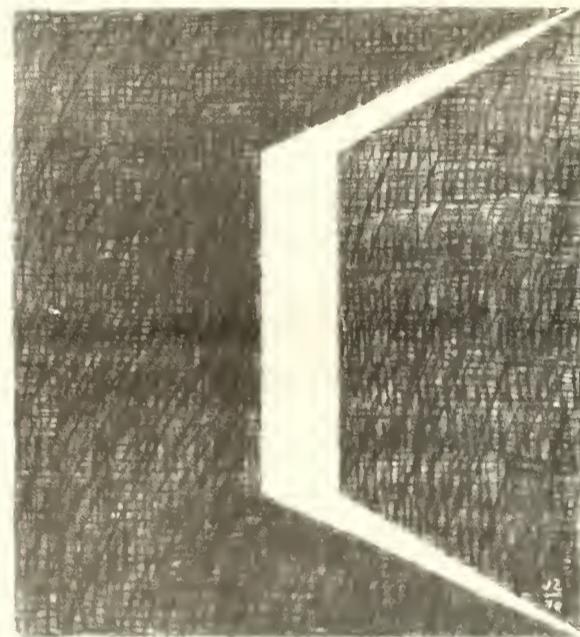
"I walk the beach several times a week to pick up things that may be useful in my sculpture."

Sometimes I walk the backshore, but I like the town beach best.

Some finds go into the work, others I just like to have around.

Among other things I'm collecting are shoe leather, barrel staves, bits of lead, slate fragments and carbon rods."

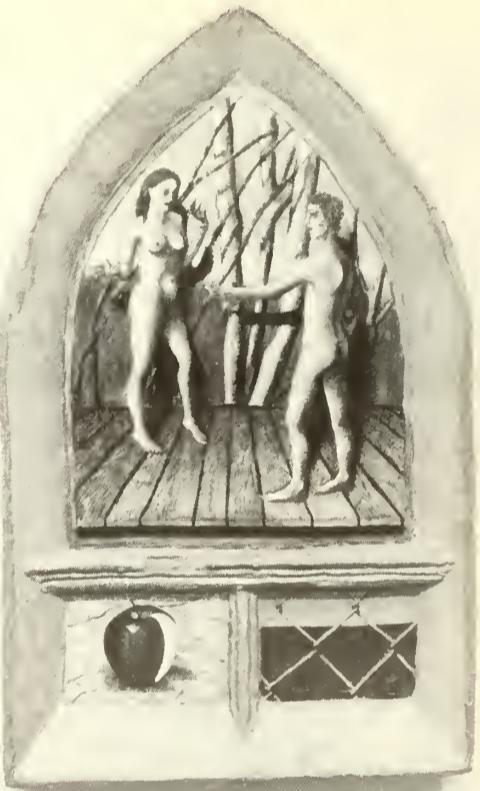
Paul Bowen



Jack Tworkov

"DG-#10-70, CH-#9"

Nancy Hoffman Gallery



Tabitha Vevers

"Placing Blame"

"Beyond an actual description of what I do, I really have no theories about my work, except, as I say, it's a constant search for me to find something in my own work. Every so often I get some sort of satisfaction from it. Very often I can be disappointed. I find it very difficult now to formulate general ideas about art and its rationale, except that I feel there's a kind of self-completion, a kind of process of self-formation in it." Interview with Marcia Tucker in "Jack Tworkov: Paintings 1950-1978" (glasgow: Third Eye Centre, 1979, p 13)

Jack Tworkov

DeBerry Gallery



Oliver Newberry Chaffee

"Christmas"

"I frequently hear my work referred to as surrealist, although that is not a movement with which I am particularly involved. Perhaps because the paintings are not done from nature, but instead embody the vagaries of an individual personality, they tend to take on a surreal look. One of the things about the process of painting which thrills me is when the piece begins to dictate its own completion. There is a dialogue between myself and the piece, like dancing with a partner. There is always a point (perhaps like giving birth) when the painting separates from you and becomes its own world. I think that the people who appreciate my work are those who are willing to enter that world."

The paintings were originally done on cement with jagged edges to evoke early Italian fresco while appearing as fragments of contemporary life, a gentle reminder that the present is constantly slipping into the past and that the danger of a nuclear bomb or accident threatens to turn Earth into the Pompeii of the future. As the paintings have become increasingly personal, the cement has become less fragmented and more icon-like; as if to say that the emotions depicted may be very personal, but they are also universal and timeless. After all, the themes in the bible are really secular issues that we are still dealing with today: morality and honor; love, sex, and death.

Tabitha Vevers



Cynthia Packard

"Sisters"

"After studying sculpture for seven years, I picked up my first paint brush. What is color, line, shape, form? I ask these questions within the space of four edges. All the edges are connected and run continuously, never ending."

The subject matter? Women reflecting. They are in an intimate interior where people can think and everything is still."

Cynthia Packard

East End Gallery



James Hansen

"I have chosen to confront my crisis of identity through a productive output of urban renewal, the recycling of junk, and building it into devotional objects functioning as screens of meditation."

Using a variety of symbols and signs reflecting an interest in primitive art, my work talks about struggles; the struggle between good and evil and various emotions: love & hate, faith & fear.

The thought process exists only during the making of the piece, through the action of putting painting and sculpture together, and not before or after, thus giving it a sense of immediacy, freezing visions of fragmented thoughts and dreams."

James Hansen

Eye of Horus Gallery



George Yater

"Ice House"

Born in Indiana in 1910, George Yater attended the John Herron Art School in Indianapolis. Studying with him were Phil Malicoat and Bruce McKain, from whom Yater first heard of Provincetown. The big news then was about a fresh approach to seeing and painting being taught in Provincetown by a fellow named Charles Hawthorne.

In 1932 Yater was awarded a travelling scholarship which he used to attend Hawthorne's school. Yater never got a chance to study with Hawthorne, who had recently died. But he attended the Cape School of Art anyway, studying for four years with Hawthorne's

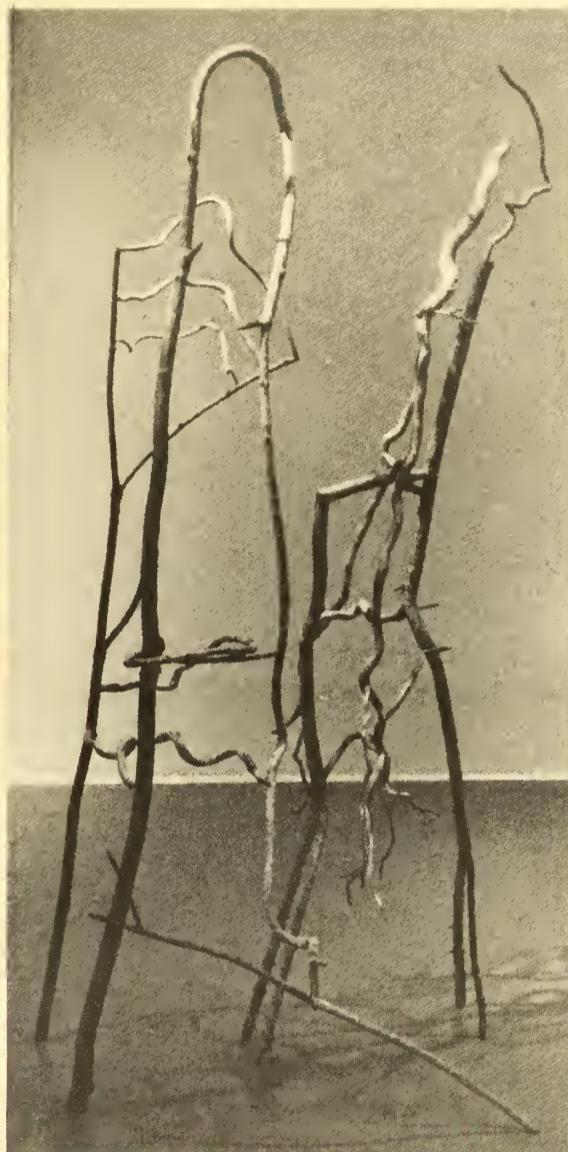
hand-picked successor, Henry Hensche. Yater's paintings display a sensitivity to color highly saturated with sunlight, Hensche's paramount concern.

After his term at the Cape School, Yater continued to share a studio there with his old buddies from the Herron Art School. They painted independently and, like many artists during the depression, found work with the WPA.

In 1947 Yater took on the position of director of the Provincetown Art Association—a position he held for fifteen years. His years as director were especially lively since it was at this time that the schism between modernists and traditionalists was widest.

Yater prefers to work in a natural light outdoors. Presently, he lives in Truro.

Hudson D. Walker Gallery



Susan Lyman

"Family Matters"

"We feel, or think we feel, nearest to a tree's 'essence' (or that of its species) when it chances to stand like us, in isolation; but evolution did not intend trees to grow singly. Far more than ourselves they are social creatures, and no more natural as isolated specimens than man is a marooned sailor or a hermit."

—John Fowles, *The Tree*



Garry Mitchell

"I'm hoping to find my paintings in the process of making them. It is the process that interests me as much as making a picture. When I end with some forms on the canvas it is important to have the sense of arriving with them, discovering them in a round-about way, and settling for what I've found."

Garry Mitchell



Sharon Horvath

"Alchemedia IV"

"One of my most formative experiences with painting occurred while standing in front of Orcagna's enormous fresco in Pisa, *The Triumph of Death*. It was his vision of the Other World. The dead lay in a heap. Issuing from each of their mouths was a tiny pink infant, a departing soul. Each soul had the same shape and color. I thought, what other things could come out of their mouths? Imagine that."

Sharon Horvath

Hell's Kitchen Gallery



Kathi Smith

"I began printing using the one-block method at an early age (editor's note: from her grandmother Ferol Sibley Warthen) and feel a strong personal commitment to see this traditional method carried through in our contemporary times. The watercolor woodcut allows for simultaneous expression in both painting and printmaking, combining the advantages of both media. I have studied with cubists, colorists, and abstract expressionists, but through all the different schools, I find that the vitality of a piece of work depends on the integrity of the artist and his/her clarity of vision. The joy of life, our experiences and passions as we struggle and survive is what I am striving to express in my work."

Kathi Smith

EXHIBITIONS



Selina Trieff

"I was schooled by the abstract expressionists. I want to combine their love of paint with my feeling for the figure and what I wish to say about human existence, about confrontation and about relationships."

Selina Trieff



John Dowd

"The artist expresses his inner, subconscious self with decisions in paint. Each viewer either recognizes, dismisses, or builds upon that image, and brings to it their own experiences, anxieties, and recollections of life. My choice has been to work in a realist tradition—not intending to be merely descriptive or topical, I try to invest my work with a strong sense of place, structure, light, and time."

John Dowd

Long Point Gallery



Judith Rothschild, Fritz Bultman, Varujan Boghosian, Leo Manso, Sidney Simon, Rick Klauber, Robert Motherwell, Sideo Fromboluti, Nora Speyer, Budd Hopkins, Carmen Cicero, Tony Vevers (absent, Ed Giobbi, Paul Resika).

Long Point Gallery is celebrating its 10th anniversary season with four theme shows featuring the members of this co-operative group.

Yellow is the theme of the first show which continues the series on color that started a few years ago with Blue and Red.

Naturally, these shows derive their interest from the way in which each artist responds to the theme—some execute a piece especially for the exhibition,

while others choose a work that contains a significant amount of the color specified.

"Working into a primary color forces me to deal with issues that don't occur in the usual run of my work", observed one of the group recently. "With Red and Blue I saturated the surface, but with Yellow I'm going to try a more discreet approach."

Yellow will be on view from June 29 to July 19, with a formal reception on July 6.

The next show will be a visual tribute to the modernist composer Arthur Berger. A long-time summer resident, Berger is noted as a teacher and as an author of seminal articles on music. A charter member of the American avant-garde Berger has a keen interest in contemporary art, and Long Point has enjoyed his support since its founding.

The tribute to Arthur Berger continues the gallery's homage to significant artists residing in the community. Last summer poet Stanley Kunitz was honored with a show. A gallery recital of Berger's music is planned during the exhibition, which runs from July 20 to August 9.

Open End Gallery



Diane Zeeuw

"Watertowers"

"'Watertowers', is a series of paintings and multimedia drawings, done from a top floor loft, looking out upon adjacent buildings, in New York City. They are descriptions of an isolated object, as seen in relationship to surrounding architecture, as well as full-blown interpretations of the structure within itself."

Diane Zeeuw

Anne Packard Gallery



Anne Packard

"The inner and outer worlds of Anne Packard and Cynthia Packard . . . come and share them."

Provincetown Art Association and Museum



Jim Forsberg

"One day in 1948 I happened to be building a wall with large fieldstones. As I was handling them, setting them in place, it occurred to me that you could make things with stones, or with the forms of stones. I found some humor in the idea of precariously balanced forms, the feeling that there could be movement in the work and that the slightest little disturbance would upset the total order. Everyone has a sense of balance, which you cannot defy, but which you can bring to the edge—that's what I want to do."

As a younger artist you are closer to your blessed innocence. You have an intense desire to have enough knowledge to do it with. Then you reach a point where that knowledge is either getting in your way or is becoming a part of your way. You are it. You can do anything you want.

I want my stones to escape their weight, to be released from their physicality, to achieve a luminous floating."

Jim Forsberg

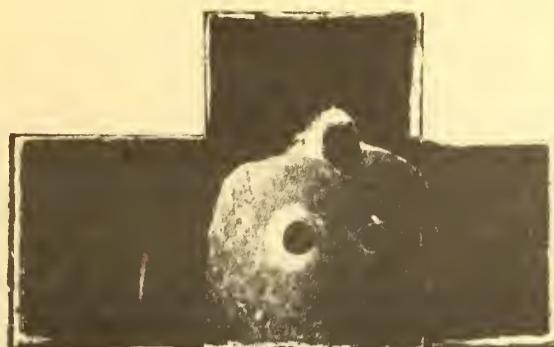


Guild Hall Artists Mural (one of three panels)

Willem de Kooning, Louis Schanker, James Brooks, Jimmy Ernst, Jane Freilicher, Oli Sihvonen, Lee Krasner, Francile Downs, Alexander Brook, Arnold Hoffman, Jr., Kimber Smith, Ralph Carpenter, Perle Fine

The *Crosscurrents* exhibition, an exchange between Guild Hall Museum, East Hampton and the Provincetown Art Association and Museum is designed to give wider public exposure to the collections of the two participating museums; it is not meant to be a historical overview of the two art colonies in which they are located. Because the content of *Crosscurrents* is drawn exclusively from the holdings of Guild Hall Museum and the Provincetown Art Association and Museum, those familiar with the communities in question will find that many artists who deserve to be included in a comprehensive survey are not represented here. When we originally discussed the possible approaches to a show of this kind, we considered the option of "filling the gaps" with outside loans. In the end, we rejected this format in favor of one that would use the collections to reflect both the development of the museums and each institution's relation to its artist community. In this way, we believe the strengths and limitations of the two museums will be adequately explored without giving a distorted impression of their collecting histories.

Helen A. Harrison
Ellen O'Donnell
Co-Curators



Ewa Nogiec-Smith

"Triptych"

"My black is somehow like a coat through which my figures and forms are ploughing."

It is a skin, with an underlife of imperceptible existence. Black is not a background—it is a wrapper only. Even in collage, where after all, I paste on faces and figures, to me they emerge through the black to show their fears and obsessions. Whose? I would like them not to be mine. But this is my language, my world.

I am not interested in beauty.

I am plunging into an abyss with people who do not know where to go."

from a letter to my father
October, 1985

Ewa Nogiec-Smith

than was possible for me with paint. Color was part of the process, not of the surface. The possibilities of the medium continue to fascinate me and allow me to emphasize texture and material as well as to construct depth literally.

This year my roots as a painter seem to be exerting their influence as depth now becomes more illusionistic than real. The newest works are more like earlier paintings. Color is still vital, forms are more hard-edged and constructivist as I push this medium beyond its "craft" to a more personal and painterly aesthetic."

Mona Dukess

Tennyson Gallery



F. Ronald Fowler

"In my newest and most personally symbolic work I'm searching for a synthesis of several techniques and languages of picturemaking. These new pieces seek to combine abstracted or expressionistic images with realistic drawing and painting, color photography, color Xerox and found object collage/construction. In this series, I've chosen to work in a manner which allows the viewer to observe the visual record of a process of exploration as well as the completed image."

F. Ronald Fowler



Simie Maryles

"Blue Shutters"

"I have great fun with the graphic quality of the medium I'm working with, which these days is primarily pastel on white board. I am particularly fascinated with the play of sunlight and shadows and what happens to color in sunlight. Most of the paintings are done at a particular time of day (early morning, late morning, afternoon, etc.) and in a particular kind of light (clear sunny day, hazy day, cloudy day, etc.). The landscapes are mostly Provincetown street scenes; gardens, picket fences, cottages, marshes. At times I will depart from this way of working 'en plein air' and work in my studio as in a series of paintings I've done of children reading, people sleeping, sidewalk cafes, or work in my home, as in a series of interiors with

Provincetown Group Gallery

July 6—19

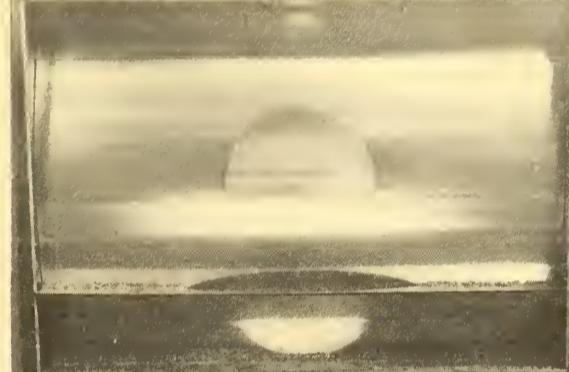


Pat de Groot

"I live and work in Provincetown. For twelve years I have been involved with calligraphic drawing. My subject is birds, water, and what goes on where the water meets the land. Initially I drew many seagulls in India ink, putting many drawings together to form a large installation. Recently I have done more formal drawings on white rag paper of the black ducks that winter here. All the drawings are done from life, outdoors, at a worktable overlooking the flats. The implement used is an ordinary bamboo stick shaped with a mat knife. In the fall I draw cormorants on smaller paper from an Eskimo kayak. The birds sit on the breakwater in the middle of the harbor and the kayak is easy to maneuver in that area."

Pat de Groot

July 20—August 2

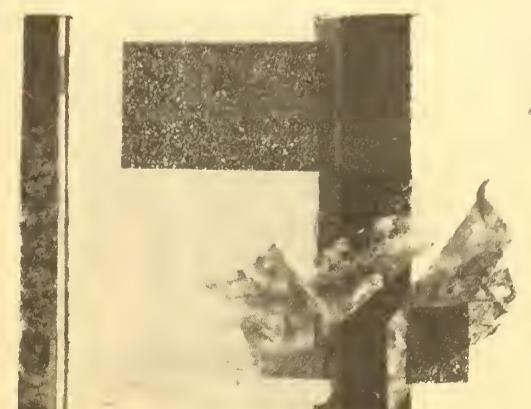


Elspeth Halvorsen

"Inversion IV"

"I have always liked to do minor carpentry, building things that change space: fences, structures for vines to climb forming walls with openings dividing areas from each other, move trees in our yard over the years from one place to another to re-order space. My constructions are built in a similar way. The reflecting aluminum is curved to absorb and echo the atmosphere of mirage in this sea-town; the internal objects are used to give an idea of suspended time amid constant change. I hope to convey a sense of intimacy between the viewer and my own feeling for this mystery. My outdoor structures are functional—making private enclosed areas. My studio work is the opposite side of the same intent—to expose and share my most intimate concerns."

Elspeth Halvorsen



Mona Dukess

"Pressage Series #146"

"My earliest works in handmade paper came from a desire to use color as a more integrated part of my work

EXHIBITIONS

woodstoves, Xmas trees and cats lounging. I continue to explore twilight and night light. These pieces, as with the cafe paintings, are based on sketches, photos and observations. They are largely an interpretive response to the moods nighttime may evoke. I try to push color as far as it will go to catch a feeling of the light and mood, and in that sense my paintings are more my response to what I'm seeing and experiencing rather than a literal recording of the scene."

Simie Maryles

David Wright Gallery



Paul Oberst

"Curse and Cure"

"My goal is to mix drawing, sculpture and painting. My two favorites are drawing and sculpture, drawing being my first love. I will never do a sculpture without drawing on it. If I do a drawing, I want it to look sculptural. When I do a painting, it is really a relief. Everyone categorizes these things. I want to counteract that."

Paul Oberst



Rebecca Leviss Dwyer

"Excision"

SHAPES

Swimming submerged
emerging saturated
returning red

Attracted/repelled
distracted stained bleached

Doing strange things to each other
apart/together
yellow

Rebecca Leviss Dwyer

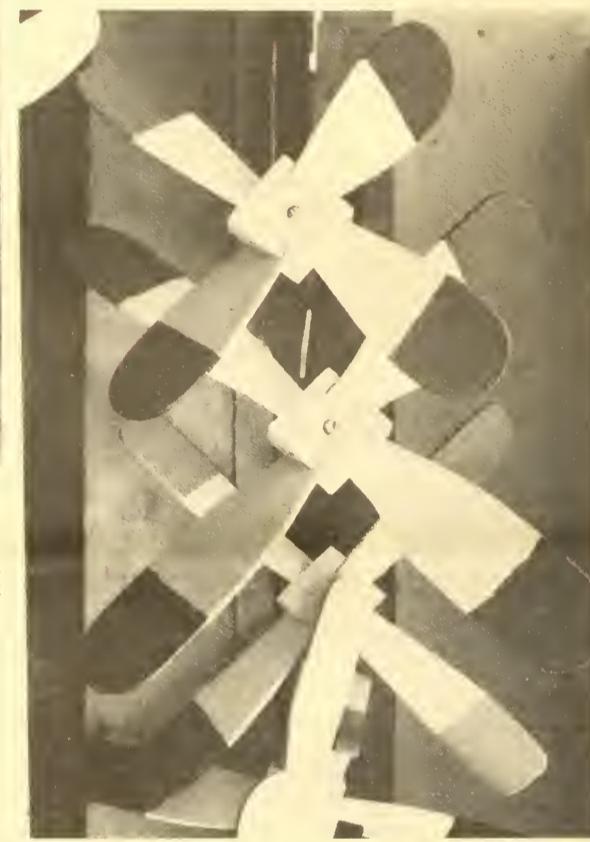


Joan Griswold

"Painting outdoors is my new love, one on one with nature. I don't even mind the bugs."

Joan Griswold

Outermost Gallery



Georgia M. Coxe

"My sense of photography has always been that it is not a medium of words, but of the eye."

When a basic understanding of the chemistry involved has been mastered, and some idea gained for what can actually be realistically accomplished through the medium, when then? Then, dependent on a kind of recognition process that occurs deep beyond words in a corridor of the creative side of the brain, photographs almost take themselves.

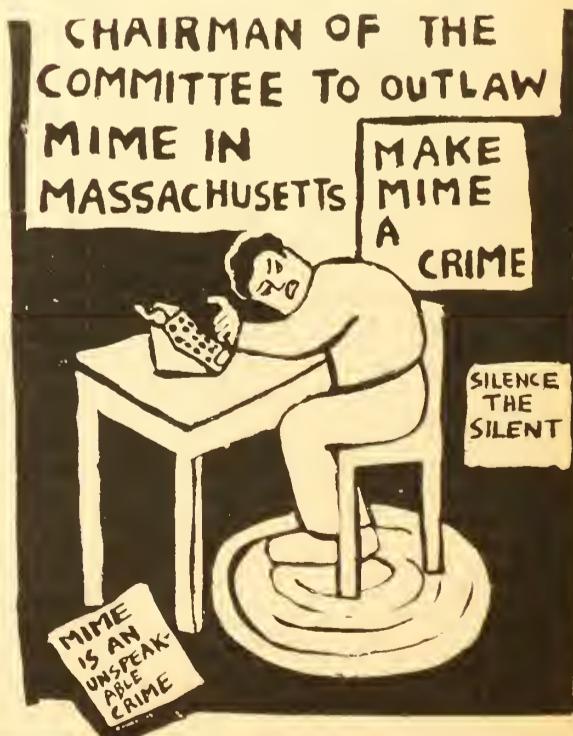
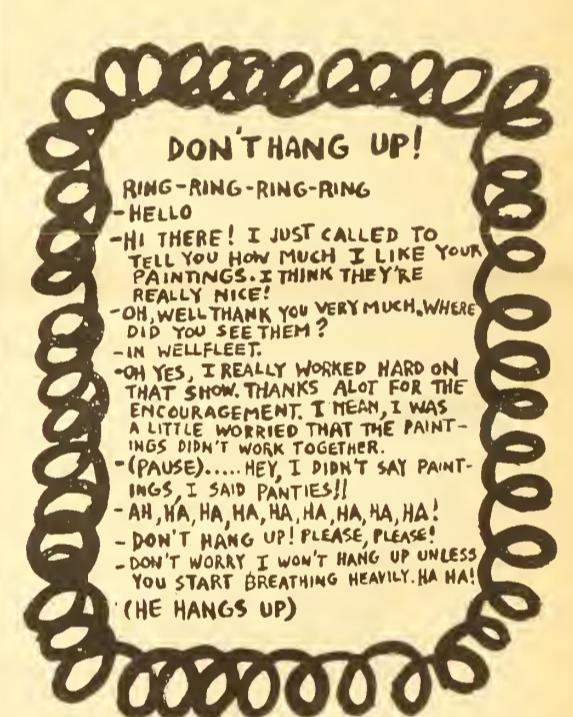
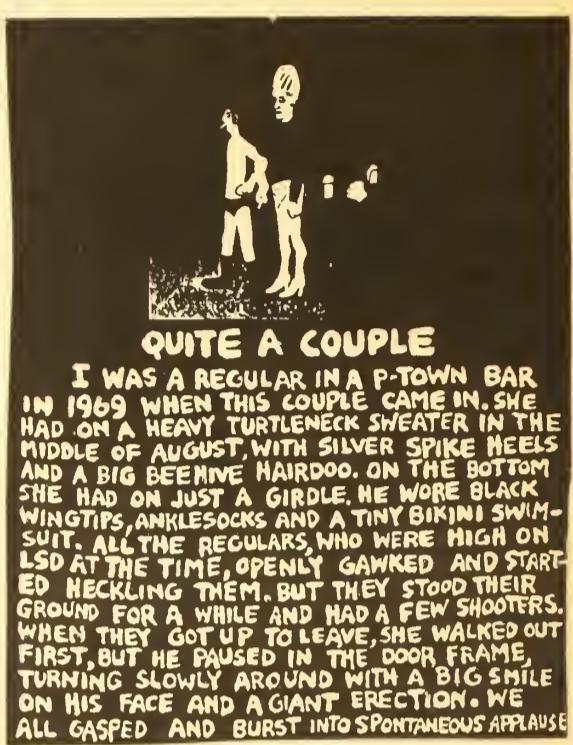
There is inherent a certain mysticism of composition, the individual recognition of the eye reaching out for colors, tones, textures, as well as an innate sense of "rightness" in choosing the picture taken."

Georgia M. Coxe

"Work as a photographer stems from my love of wildlife. Through photography I try to capture the essence of my subjects—the very catbirdness of a catbird. At the same time I am always looking for incongruities or bizarre circumstances in nature such as my neighbor's cat giving me that 'Who me?' look from inside my bird feeder, or the dragonflies vying for perches on top of the clothes pins out on the clothesline, or the undulating pattern made by a garter snake sunning itself on top of a stockade fence. Reality and humor are my underlying motivations".

Wendy Haggerty

Susan Baker Memorial Museum



Hofmann

Continued from page 7

cessful works of this transitional period were those painted in gouache or watercolor on paper. *Red Shapes*, *Midnight Glow*, *Intoxication*, and *Untitled* all date from either 1945 or 1946 and exemplify the opulently colored and highly imaginative works on paper that Hofmann called his "free creations."

Although exhibiting at Art of This Century seems to have encouraged Hofmann's responsiveness to the enthusiasms of his American colleagues, his allegiance to the European masters was still strong. In a 1945 interview he identified Kandinsky, Miro, Hans Arp, and Piet Mondrian as the greatest innovators in modern art.⁶⁴ Hofmann's enigmatic *Ecstasy* (1947) unites elements from a number of his previous styles as well as from works by Arp and Miro. The magenta half-moon bears some resemblance to the visage in *Idolatress I*; the eccentric curvilinear forms seem related to the curvaceous shapes in the celebratory *Bacchanale* (1946); the billowing volumes also recall the volumetric depiction of the model in *'Seated Woman'*. In addition, *Ecstasy* invokes Hofmann's earlier elaborate still-life arrangements, in which flowers and fruits metamorphosed into cascading patterns of colors and shapes.

In 1947 Hofmann stopped painting on canvasboard or wood and began using canvas. The astonishing variety of styles in which he painted during the twelve months of that year must be at least partially attributed to his change of support. In one group of these paintings, including *astral image #1* and *White in Blue*, a single predominantly white figure outlined in black dominates a monochromatic ground. Yet in spite of their exuberance, the painted areas in these works still conform to linear outlines in a fairly traditional manner. *Transfiguration* and *Delight*, also painted in 1947, typify a number of compositions painted primarily between 1944 and 1947 that are inhabited by benign monsters in which human and mechanistic attributes are combined.

Hofmann's work of 1947 reflects a range of emotions as broad as that of his styles. In an address before a 1941 meeting of the American Abstract Artists he had explained that "Every art expression is rooted fundamentally in the personality and in the temperament of the artist. . . . when he is of a more lyrical nature his work will have a more lyrical and poetical quality; when he is of a more violent nature his work will express this in a more dramatic sense." According to this philosophy, an artist may paint in as many styles as there are moods. If titles are an accurate indication of "personality" and "temperament," then Hofmann's titles, most often determined by the artist after a work was completed, reinforce his statement. An almost random selection of titles from 1947 — which vary from the sobriety of *Dark Transition* to the pagan celebration of *Sun Rites* to the pure jubilance of the gaily painted *Ecstasy* — convincingly buttresses Hofmann's claim that his paintings mirrored his wide-ranging emotions. In response to a question about the significance of his titles in one of the last formal interviews he granted, Hofmann again confirmed how clearly his paintings reflected his moods: "I let things develop according to my sensing and my feeling, to my moods, especially those in which I find myself when I get up in the morning."⁶⁵

Often Hofmann painted in response

to a particular color, and frequently a color is part of the title of one of his works. As he explained: "My work is not accidental and not planned. The first red spot on a white canvas may at once suggest to me the meaning of 'morning redness' and from there on I dream further with my color."⁶⁶ Generally, one should be wary of attributing too much meaning to the title of an abstraction. Nevertheless, Hofmann's titles are often a good indication of what he was trying to portray, regardless of whether he started out with a pictorial concept or it evolved while he was painting.

In a playful moment, Hofmann used his own hand as an additional tool in *The Third Hand* (1947). Despite its title, at least four hands — two green and two red — are clearly visible. To create yet another hand form, Hofmann incised a three-pronged shape into the green circle near the center of the painting. Other whimsical additions to *The Third Hand* include a green eye in a fishlike creature beneath the central green hand, a dripping blue mark in a lighter yellow orb beneath the "fish," a large red cross above the green orb, and a series of tic-tac-toe-like diagrams in the middle of the left margin. Colorful circular forms like those in this picture appeared in a number of Hofmann's compositions in the mid-1940s, sometimes with overtly symbolic overtones, as in *Bacchanale* and *Ritual Signs*, sometimes serving merely as formal devices.

Various fanciful creatures, especially fish and birds, can be seen in Hofmann's paintings of the period such as *Amphibious Life*, *The Circus*, *Animals in Paradise*, *The Fish and the Bird*, and *Bacchanale*. His interest in these themes was shared by other members of the New York School. Underwater imagery appeared in many mid-1940s pictures by Baxiotes, Rothko, and Theodoros Stamos, while birds were a motif favored by Pollock and Adolph Gottlieb.

Throughout the 1940s there was increasing awareness of revitalization and transformation of the American art scene, and numerous attempts were made to define the specific characteristics of the new style. In 1944 Robert Coates addressed this issue in an article in the *New Yorker*: "There's a style of painting gaining ground in the country which is neither Abstract nor Surrealist, though it has suggestions of both, while the way the paint is applied — usually in a pretty free-swinging, spattery fashion, with only vague hints at subject matter — is suggestive of the methods of Expressionism."⁶⁷ In the spring of 1945 Howard Putzel organized the much-acclaimed *A Problem for Critics* exhibition, which was motivated by a desire to pinpoint the distinctive features of the new art movement. Hofmann was included in this exhibition, as were Arp, Gorky, Gottlieb, Masson, Miro, Rothko, and Pollock. As Putzel explained in the press release, he grouped Hofmann with those painters who were no longer content simply to ape the European masters, but whose work manifested a "genuine talent, enthusiasm, and originality" indicative of "a real American painting beginning now." The term *Abstract Expressionism* was first applied to this new art in Robert Coates' review of Hofmann's one-man exhibition at the Mortimer Brandt Gallery in 1946. Coates wrote, "He is certainly one of the most uncompromising representa-

tives of what some people call the spatter-and-daub school of painting and I, more politely, have christened Abstract Expressionism."⁶⁸

After his 1944 exhibition at Art of This Century, Hofmann's paintings were shown regularly in one-man exhibitions as well as in prestigious group shows. In addition to Putzel's, some of the most important of these group shows were *The Ideographic Picture* — organized by Barnett Newman for the Betty Parsons Gallery and including work by Newman as well as by Pietro Lazzari, Boris Margo, Ad Reinhardt, Rothko, Stamos, and Still — and *The Intrasubjectives*, which Harold Rosenberg and Sam Kootz organized in another attempt to define the emerging style. In 1947 Hofmann had his first solo exhibition with Kootz, who was to be his major champion and with whom the artist showed almost yearly until his death in 1966, when Kootz decided to close his gallery. The Addison Gallery of American Art organized a solo exhibition of Hofmann's paintings and drawings the following year. As Irving Sandler has pointed out, this was the first major museum exhibition devoted to any individual Abstract Expressionist; the monograph that accompanied it similarly was the first to focus on a single painter from the group.⁶⁹

In January 1949 a large Hofmann exhibition was organized by the Galerie Maeght in Paris. None of the other New York painters had yet received such exposure in Europe. For this occasion, an issue of *Derrière le Miroir* (published by the gallery) was dedicated to Hofmann, with "An Appreciation" by Tennessee Williams praising him as "a painter of physical laws with a spiritual intuition." Hofmann had not been to Paris since visiting Braque's and Picasso's studios on his way to America in 1930.⁷⁰ He returned to Paris at the time of his show and once again went to see Picasso, Braque, Brancusi, and Miro. Even Picasso, by then an infrequent gallery visitor, came to the Maeght exhibition. The trip rekindled Hofmann's sense of his position in the international art community and gave him a chance to reassess his European heritage. As he expressed it, "This visit to Paris has been a tremendous inspiration for me, I am made to feel I have roots in the world again."⁷¹

Hofmann strongly reiterated his affiliation with the French in an article in the California periodical *Arts and Architecture* that appeared later that year. To illustrate this piece, Hofmann drew an ovoid form in which he inscribed the following statement: "Can the egg fertilize itself . . . France has fertilized the ideas of the whole world. . . ."⁷²

Hofmann maintained his pro-French stance in a one-page statement, "Protest Against Ostrich Attitudes in the Arts," which he coauthored with Fritz Bultman for the important yet still little-documented series of lectures, debates, and art exhibitions called Forum '49 that were held that summer in Provincetown. (Hofmann, Bultman, and Weldon Kees were among the organizers of these events.) Forum '49 was one of many indications in the late 1940s that New York painters were becoming more active as a group and more eager to gather together for discussion and debate. Hofmann's tenacious loyalty to the School of Paris distinguished him from most of the American vanguard, who had become

increasingly outspoken about the uniquely American nature of their painting.

49. Andre Breton, *What Is Surrealism?*, trans. David Gascoyne (London: Faber and Faber, 1936), p. 59.

50. Robert Motherwell, "The Modern Painter's World," *Dyn*, no. 6 (November 1944): 13.

51. Robert Motherwell, interview with Cynthia Goodman, Provincetown, August 27, 1985.

52. Sidney Janis, interview with Cynthia Goodman, New York, December 11, 1985. I am grateful to William S. Rubin for expressing his doubts about the dating of Hofmann's peured paintings and suggesting that I speak to Janis about them. William S. Rubin, interview with Cynthia Goodman, New York, December 6, 1985. Based on his research, Rubin has changed the dating of *Spring*, which is in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art, New York, from 1940 to c. 1944-45. It further substantiates the argument for the later dating of these paintings that when *Fantasia* was exhibited in 1948 at Hofmann's exhibition at the Addison Gallery of American Art it was dated 1945-46 in the exhibition catalog.

53. Lee Krasner, interview with Cynthia Goodman, New York, October 9, 1976.

54. Maude Riley, "Hans Hofmann: Teacher-Artist," *Art Digest* 18 (March 15, 1944): 13.

55. Hofmann, quoted by Lillian Kiesler in interview with Cynthia Goodman, New York, April 15, 1985.

56. J.H. Lawson, "Hans Hofmann," *Arts and Architecture* 61 (March 1944): 3.

57. Hofmann, quoted in Ben Wolf, "The Digest Interviews Hans Hofmann," *Art Digest* 19 (April 1, 1945): 52. A bronze sculpture by Arp was among the Hofmanns' prized possessions.

58. Hofmann, quoted in Irma Jaffe, "A Conversation with Hans Hofmann," *Artforum* 9 (January 1971): 37.

59. Hofmann, quoted in Kuh, *The Artist's Voice: Talks with Katharine Seventeen Artist* (New York, Harper and Row, 1962), p. 124.

60. Robert Coates, "Assorted Moderns," *New Yorker* 20 (December 23, 1944): 51.

61. Hofmann, quoted in Robert Coates, "The Art Galleries: Abroad and at Home," *New Yorker* 22 (March 30, 1946): 83.

62. Irving Sandler, *The Triumph of American Painting: A History of Abstract Expressionism* (New York: Praeger, 1970), p. 212.

63. Suzanne B. Reiss, "Glenn A. Wessler: Education of an Artist," unpublished interview, 1967, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, p. 115.

64. Paul Ellsworth, "Hans Hofmann: Reply to Questionnaire and Comments on Recent Exhibition," *Arts and Architecture* 66 (November 1949): 46.

65. Ibid.

66. Ibid.

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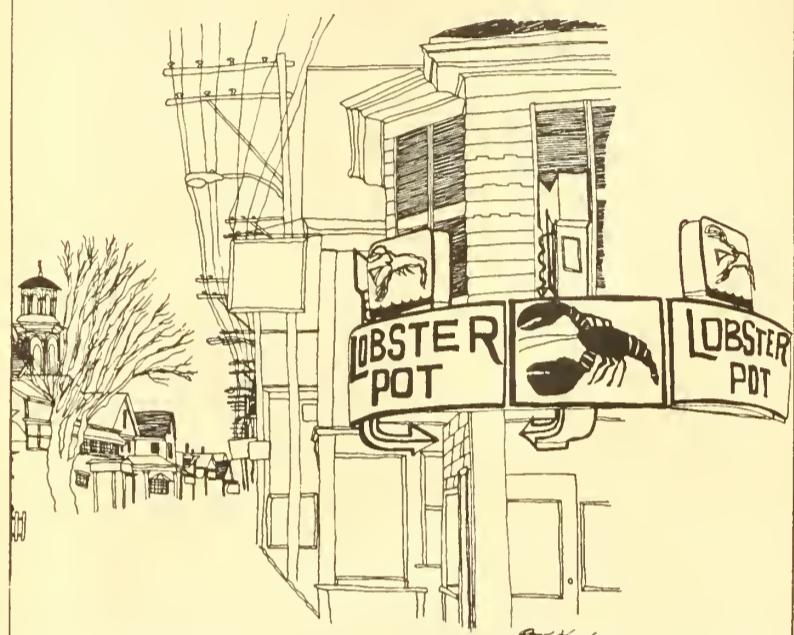
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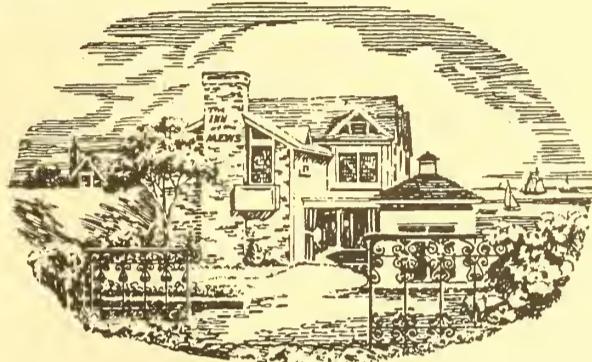
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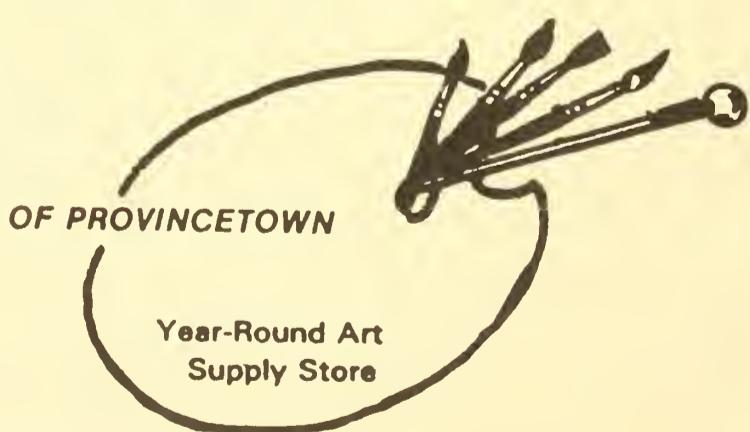
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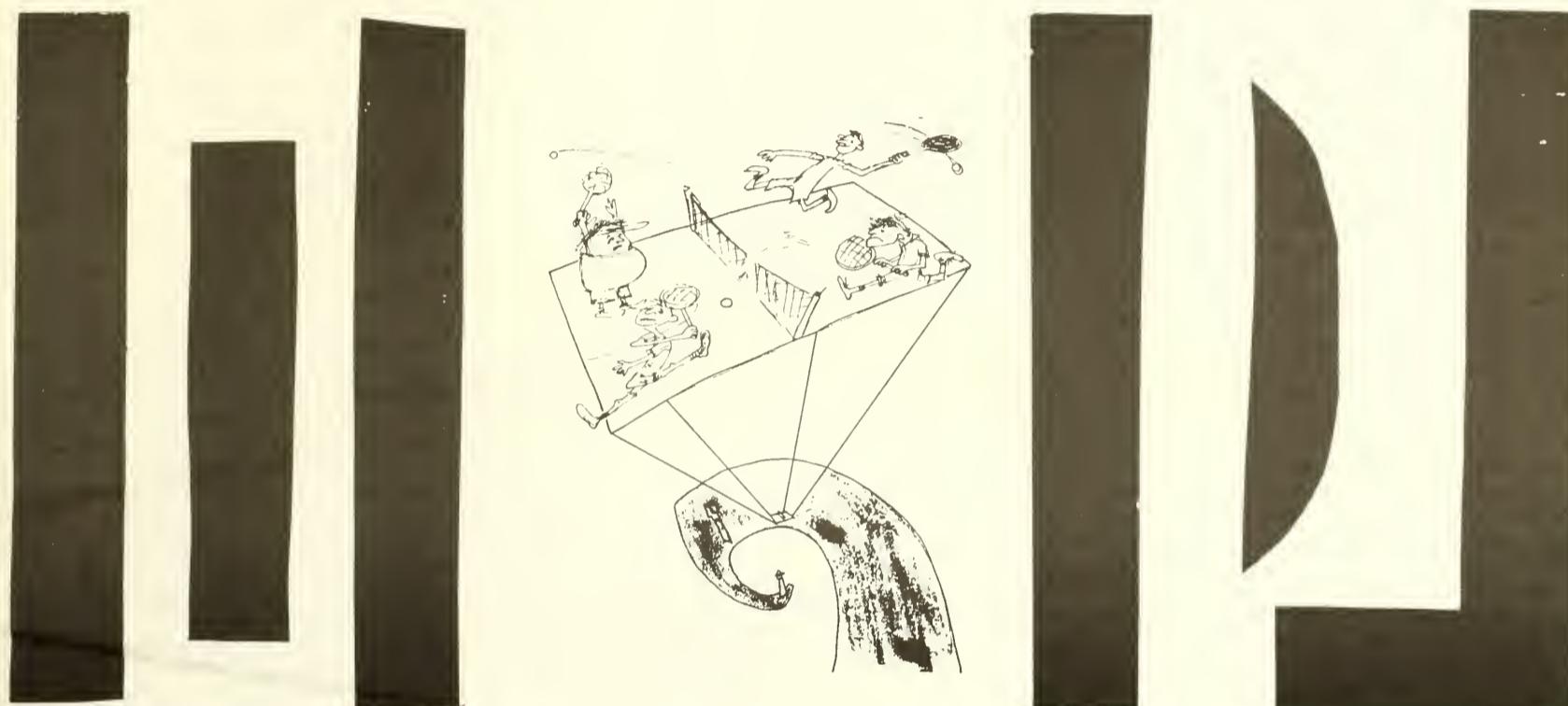
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188 Commercial St. 487-1154
Daily 10 am — 11 pm
Director: Frederick D. Bayer

A gallery featuring the finest selection of contemporary American crafts on Cape Cod. Also drawings, paintings and prints by Al Capp, Peter Coes, Keith Haring, Henry Hensche, Karl Knaths, Kas Sable and others.

LONG POINT GALLERY

492 Commercial St. 487-1795
Daily 11 am — 2 pm; 6 pm — 9 pm
Director: Robert Gill

Featuring works by: Varujan Boghosian, Fritz Bultman, Carmen Cicero, Sideo Frombolton, Ed Giobbi, Budd Hopkins, Leo Manso, Robert Motherwell, Paul Resika, Judith Rothschild, Sidney Simon, Nora Speyer and Tony Vevers.

MASSIMO

416 Commercial St. 487-0265
Daily 11 am — 2 pm; 6 pm — 10 pm
Directors: Thomas Antonelli & Jerry Giardelli

Contemporary paintings by local artist. Sculpture, ceramics, a collection of art pottery and glass — circa 1920-1940. Monthly shows.

EVA DE NAGY ART GALLERY

427 Commercial St. 487-9669
Daily 10 am — 1 pm; 8 pm — 10 pm
Offseason by appointment
Director: Eva De Nagy

Our 26th season. Paintings, pastels & drawings by Eva De Nagy; lithographs by Dali & Foujita; 17th century Santos from the Phillipines; ivory & semi-precious stone carvings; bronzes from Nepal. Jewelry designed by Eva De Nagy. Featuring African & Asiatic art.

OPEN END GALLERY

94-96 Bradford St. 487-0757
Daily 4 pm — 11 pm; closed Monday
Director: Brewster Luttrell

A new gallery exhibiting works by young Detroit, Houston, New York, Boston and Chicago artists. No-Brand Art, multi-media by Province town painters and sculptors.

ANNE PACKARD GALLERY

621 Commercial St. 487-3965
Daily 11 am — 8 pm
Director: Leslie Rome

Select recent works by Anne Packard and Cynthia Packard along with works by P. M. Koch, Martha Dunigan and Ann Sammus.

PROVINCETOWN ART ASSOCIATION & MUSEUM

460 Commercial St. 487-1750
Daily 12N — 4 pm; 7 pm — 10 pm
Director: William H. Evaul, Jr.

One of the foremost art museums in the country with a permanent collection of regional art from the past 80 years. Organized in 1914. Special exhibitions, juried shows and performing arts programs throughout the season.

PROVINCETOWN GROUP GALLERY

286 Bradford St. 487-0275 or 349-2333
Daily 11 am — 4 pm
Sat. & Sun. 6 — 8 pm
Director: Christopher Busa

The 22nd season. Currently representing Bosson, Bower, Chasteen, Dukess, Elman, Forsberg, Halvorsen, Horowitz, Nogiec, Regis, Remick, Richter, Sandman, Shahn, Tirana, Wells, Wilcox, Zimiles

TENNYSON GALLERY

237 Commercial St. 487-3518
Daily 10 am — 11 pm
Directors: Bruce Deely, Tom Galvin, Al Davis & Linda Tennyson

Professionally representing Provincetown's most select group of artists — featuring the finest in jewelry, sculpture, art glass and ceramics presented in a spacious and inspired setting.

TIRCA KARLIS GALLERY

353 Commercial St.
Tues. -Sat. 11 am — 2 pm; 7 pm — 11 pm
Sun. 11 am — 2 pm; closed Mondays
Director: Aaron Cohen

The 28th year of exhibiting in Provincetown the finest examples of works in oils, watercolors and drawings. Each Friday a new show opening, 7 pm — 11 pm.

WENNIGER GRAPHICS PRINTMAKER GALLERY

445 Commercial St. 487-2306
Daily 11 am — 11 pm
Director: Susanna Wenniger

From Newbury Street to Provincetown. Exhibitions every two weeks beginning May 31 with Narratives, Wenniger; followed by June 14 — Monotypes; June 28 — Mezzotints, Rothe; July 12 — Art Deco, Erte; July 26 — Cast Papers; August 9 — Color, Kuzo & Hoeksma; and August 23 — Fantasy.

Truro

CASTLE HILL, Truro Center for the Arts

Junction of Castle Hill and Meetinghouse Rds
in Truro Center
349-7511

Daily 10 — 5, Sat. 10 — 1

Director: Barbara Baker

Through July the Center will exhibit work by July faculty, including: Paul Bowen, Sal Del Deo, Rachel Giese, Elspeth Halvorsen, Ann Lord, Jim Peters, Anna Poor and Tony Vevers.

SCHOOLHOUSE GALLERY

North Truro Center,
487-1190
Gallery hours: 10 — 5 pm
Mon. through Sat.

Group show of gallery artists.

THE SUSAN BAKER

MEMORIAL MUSEUM

Rte 6A, North Truro

(617) 487-2557

A gallery of humorous art — books, paintings, paper mache

sculpture — jewelry "The biggest ego-trip on Cape Cod".

Wellfleet

BAYBERRY GALLERY

West Main St.,
349-9564
Open from 10 am — 5 pm daily
Sun. 10 am to 4 pm

BLAKE GALLERY

Main St. (opposite Higgins House),
349-6631
Mon. through Fri. 9:30 — 6
Sun. from 9:30 — 4

BLUE HERON GALLERY

Bank St.,
349-6724
Open 7 days a week, from 9 — 6

BREHMER GRAPHICS

Commercial St.,
349-9565

CAPE IMPRESSIONS GALLERY

Cielo Gallery Cafe
East Main St.,
349-2108
Open 10 am — 6 pm daily

Featuring paperworks by Michele Tuegel and Susan Lange, and the art glass of Charles Wright.

Cherrystone Gallery

East Commercial St. 349-3026
12 — 6, Tues. — Sat.

Directors: Frances Upham & Sally Nerber.

Exhibiting: Berenice Abbot, Josep Albers, Eugene Atget, Paul Bowen, Fritz Bultman, Carmen Cicero, Robert Motherwell, Helen M. Wilson, Tim Woodman, and others.

COTTONTAIL GALLERY

Route 6 and Cottontail Rd.,
349-2462

COVE GALLERY

Commercial St.,
349-2530
Open from 10 am — 6 pm

HOPKINS GROUP GALLERY

Main St. (next to the Post Office)
Open Sun. through Wed. from 10 am — 5 pm
Thurs., Fri., and Sat. until 10 pm

Group show of gallery artists.

JACOB-FANNING GALLERY

Bank Square
349-9546
Open daily from 10 am — 5 pm.

Featuring work by Betty Bodian, Estie Darling, Doris Driscoll, Harold Friedlander, Eleanor Ferri Jones, M. Zena Lesser, Willie Marlowe and Milton Wright.

KENDALL ART GALLERY

E. Main St.,
349-2482
Open Mon. through Sat. from 10 am — 5:30 pm
Sun. from noon — 4 pm

Featuring group show of gallery artists; March Avery, Walter Dorell, Barbara Johnson, Patrick Webb, Robert Sweeney.

LEFT BANK GALLERY

Commercial St.
349-9451
Open weekends

In the Potter's Room representing 35 fine American craftsmen. Also represented are Elizabeth Pratt, Xavier Gonzalez, Hall Groat, Robert Clibbon, Margaret Babbit, and Betsy Flavin. Call for hours.

PANACHE

8 West Main St.
849-7416
Open daily from 10 am — 6 pm.

Featuring the finest in contemporary American arts and crafts. Design concepts offering complete design services in custom interiors, architecture, landscaping, stained glass and weaving, fine art and antiques.

SALT MARSH POTTERY

E. Main St.,
349-3342
Open 9 am — 5 pm.

Pottery by Katharine Stillman.

WELLFLEET POTTERY

Commercial St.
349-6679
Open daily 10 am to 5 pm.

Trevor Glucksmann, designer. Makers of country china.